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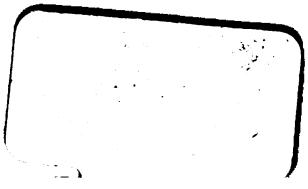

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WOMEN RULE:

A COMEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

By Charles Ingersoll.

PHILADELPHIA:
COLLINS, PRINTER, 705 JAYNE STREET.
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In talk with a friend, the writer of these pages—under the impression that successful pieces for the stage have been in many instances the work of persons of a low order of literary ability—ventured the assertion that he could himself produce a Comedy, and, being instantly challenged to the proof, wrote his drama, and showed it to his friend, by whom it was condemned without ceremony. The fact is well known that acting plays are not written at a heat, as some of the best poetry has been, and much good prose, but are elaborated. The piece thus summarily damned was laid aside, and, at intervals, afterwards taken up and altered, until the writer began to persuade himself it had the stage twist; but, after time and pains bestowed on his MS., he at last took fright, and irrecoverably, at the thought of submitting it to the ordeal of the footlights; bethinking himself, however, of Bob Acres' self-encouraging conclusion, that *so much good matter ought not to be all thrown away*, he determined to print it.

The inverted commas commonly prefixed to lines meant to be omitted in playing, have not been removed. The scene, though of, in part, American manners, is laid abroad; an incongruity for which there is this excuse: that any of us who will try his hand at making a five-act play turn upon home incidents and characters will probably discover—if he had never found it before—that his country, however great and respectable, is sadly provincial.

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CHARACTERS.

MEN.

LORD WINTERLY.
HENRY (*his nephew*).
LANDAFF.
VALENTINE.
OLD PAYKSAN.
YOUNG PAYKSAN.
MARGIN (*a servant*).
A SOLICITOR AND HIS CLERK.

WOMEN:

MRS. WINSLOVE.
MRS. PAYKSAN.
EMILY.
QUEEN (*a servant*).

SCENE.

AT LORD WINTERLY'S IN THE COUNTRY.

TIME.

ONE DAY.

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WOMEN RULE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Library at LORD WINTERLY'S—*The room somewhat littered—Breakfast on a tray.*

Enter MARGIN, *with a letter.*

Marg. My master not down yet! Here is his breakfast—Oh, the warm and friendly face of a good breakfast! Your right philosophy [*helping himself*] is practical philosophy. Did not the great Socrates say to his maid of all work, *My dear, strike the pot when it is hot?* [*Eating.*] What a rascal a man's heart is! If it were my master's inclinations I brushed, what a scavenger I would be! "Gentle blood! Blood is the "same, up stairs and down; runs in the same ditch, "empties from the same reservoir, feeds the same ap- "petites—don't I know that? Do I serve a bookish "gentleman for nothing? I am no son of science, but "the kitchen, a footman 'to the manner born;' beau "to the scullion, forlorn hope to the housemaid, fit "only to live under ground, half brother to the an- "tipodes—hem! to give my arm to the fat house- "keeper, with a secret inclination to the cook, if my

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"master's blood is not as muddy as mine is—so said—
"who 's that Egyptian gentleman with a hard name?
"—No matter—he agrees with me, so he must be
"right. The man that is right is the man that agrees
"with you; there is your key to conclusions." Why is my master sick with love of his aunt—his aunt that is to be? Mr. Henry, the last thing before he left here, did not your uncle say to you [*mimicks him*], *Nephew, watch this treasure!—Thee only can I trust—Books are innocent*—"And did not the hard-hearted old dan-
"dy, that never shed a round tear in his life—did not
"he try to whimper, and wind up with a cry?—What
"for I don't know, unless woe is a luxury—But, hold,
"Margin! Is the fault in your master, or your phi-
"losophy? Who sent for love? Not your master;
"he did not ring and order it. It came uncalled; it
"came like a ghost. It came like the measles. It
"came, souse. It came like a heavy cold, and your master was all choked up before he knew it." Mr. Henry is in love, where he ought not to be—but he can't help that.—What pretty boy ever so blushed, when rumpled and kissed by some covcting, uneasy spinster, as my master does when Miss Emily's mild eye passes over him? Doth he not love in spite of his teeth?—the teeth of his modesty, if it has any teeth? Breakfast is spoiling. What is the Latin for breakfast? *Gent, gent*, something like *gentleman*. [*Takes a book to look for it.*] Here is this saucebox, come cutting across the library, again—How often have I forbid that?

SCENE II.

Enter QUEEN, *crossing the stage.*

Queen. Fa-la-la-la-la-la——

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Marg. Musical box, too! Ah! young woman, where are you going?

Queen. Did not you hear my mistress' bell, young man?

Marg. Stick to circumference—Eschew diameter.

Queen. W–h–a–t?

Marg. From the servants' hall to the back stairs—from the back stairs to the maids' gallery—from the maids' gallery round, round—that is your way to answer your bell, Mrs. Muslin.

Queen. Up to his knees in his master's books—like puss in boots. I will see Mr. Henry knows of your Didos, Mr. Shoulderknot.

Marg. Dido! Who was Dido?

Queen. Who was she? Who are you? She was the old turnspit, now deceased; a more useful member of the family than you will ever be.

Marg. Respectable slut!

Queen. Slut! You—you wearer of second-hand learning and cast-off coats—you spoiled meat, kept too long in the house, and proper only to be thrown to the ducks; you humble servant to the butler, suspected of disloyalty and trusted with a fork or two, and the small spoons, but never with the soup ladle!—You odd volume of an improper book!

Marg. Oh! oh!!

Queen. You, a scholar indeed! You scholar educated to shave and dress single gentlemen—to cool their wine and warm their shirts—you etymology!

Marg. Rising in the climax, an etymology! Besotted female!

Queen. Female to you, you odious thing! You stupid, stuck-up, ridiculous, rude, intolerable, insuffer-

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able, ungrateful, ugly, un– un– un– un– un– unfeeling —[*crying*]—You horrid man!

Marg. Peace; peace and order!

Queen. I tell you what it is, there will be a lot of people here to-day, to see my lord, and something better for you to do than read books, to study up your impudence.

Marg. Get thee to a nunnery—Go!

Queen. Call me slut, indeed!

Marg. *Quadruped* were too many for thy legs, and too much for thy learning, Miss a–b—ab! It is three syllables. Hush! here is my master for you.

Queen. And here is three syllables for you: *nincompoop!* [*Runs out.*

SCENE III.

Marg. Well done, stratagem! She is off. The next time, I 'll obliterate her. I won't have my equilibrium disturbed. Now [*examining the seal of the letter*], here is this bit of wax and mystery. Give me a man who don't conceal his thoughts. I hate sealing wax, as I hate the padlock of the pantry closet. What is this pawing creature? A lion—a fussy lion—I have seen them on village signs, inviting in man and horse, but here is an inhospitable beast for you; a damned exclusive lion! A fig for your lions and tigers! [*Peeping into the letter.*] My master! [*In recovering himself he crumples the letter.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter HENRY.

Marg. Letter, sir! [*Hands it.*] From the crooked billet, sir, may be from a lady, sir. It is twisted.

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Even the maids twist their letters; some of them their sentences, your honour, shockingly.

Henry. How old is the day?

Marg. Just dawning, sir; only ten o'clock.

Henry. The morning loiters.

Marg. Your honour slept well? Sleep is a refresher.

Henry. Ay, swallows time—eats up so many hours, but don't refresh the rest.

Marg. It is the books you read, sir—you read such hard books. Why, sir, they would disturb the peace of an ostrich. Do try something flexible this morning. Suppose you try a newspaper, sir. I do wonder your honor don't take a paper. Why, my Lord Winterly, your honour's Right honourable and noble uncle, would as soon go without his hair-dye as without his newspaper. Oh! the types and the telegraphs! There you have it, sir, everything in the world, and more too, all through a magnifying glass—every molehill a mountain. Let me order a morning paper for you, sir, do—the treasures of the earth for a penny a day.

Henry. Trash! Hand me the ninth volume of that German work on *The supposed advantages of a residence in the moon*—you will find it on the table.

Marg. Would not it be prudent to take a bite of something first, sir? Just a precaution.

Henry. Or, get me down Petrarch! I will commune awhile with that ill-star'd wooer.

Marg. Had not he luck, sir? There's a great deal in that. I want a man to have luck.

Henry. Those "immortal longings" you may read of, you blockhead, but you 'll never understand, transported him beyond the wants of men like you. His luck was with posterity.

Marg. Quite likely, sir—but that is a part of the

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family that is of no use to a man. I remember that Petrarch—He did not come to the point.

Henry. Tut, sir!

Mary. According to my reading, sir, a smile of the young woman would have done him more good than all the ladies in England crying, for a thousand years, over his posterity. Lord, sir—it is to-day I look at. There is no comfort in posterity; they are not available.

Henry. Out, you booby! Where did you read that? Comfort is never to-day; it is to-morrow that is *available*, as you call it; the illusion of hope, you silly man; take away that, and little indeed is left us. What did you do with the letter?

Mary. Your honour has it in your hand. Pardon, sir, not in your pocket—this hand, sir.

Henry. So I have. Don't I get a little absent?

Mary. [*Aside.*] Poor gentleman, for a week past he has had no present tense at all. [*Aloud.*] No, sir; oh, no!—never saw anything of the kind.

Henry. You must tell me, if you do.

Mary. Your honour is a little reflective, that is all. After I undress your honour, to go to bed, your honour sometimes stands there, and says, *Margin, are my things off?*—and I look at your honour and say, *Oh yes, your honour, every stitch of them.* Then at other times——

Henry. Well, well!

Mary. Then, at other times, when your honour has been reading the dead languages——

Henry. Never mind—get me the book. [*Opens the letter: as he reads,* MARGIN, *seeming to search for the book, but listening to the letter.*] Why, 'tis from Valentine. [*Reads.*]

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We are here, not twenty miles from you, at a small inn, where we came last night, posting; your uncle refusing to travel by rail, which, he says, brings on his gout.

Marg. [*Aside.*] Quite impossible.

Henry. [*Reads.*] *But which, the gout, I mean, seems akin to post and rail too, for my lord is suffering from a most violent attack. It compelled us to our halt here, in the mud. Expect us any moment! I write that you may keep a lookout on the walls, for what with podagra——*

Marg. [*Aside.*] What can that be?

Henry. [*Reads*]—*and the correspondence of Mrs. Payksan, my lord is in a sort of fury—he is in what somebody on the stage calls "a very damned condition." That ruling woman dispatches him daily epistles, loaded with every kind of explosive material, and rammed down with flattery. She insists you are making love to his intended bride.*

Marg. [*Aside.*] Pity he was not.

Henry. Falsifying woman! Do you accuse me of treachery to my uncle? Ah, Emily! were I permitted to adore thee! Well—[*reads*]—*with strange hints of an alarm that Philip Landaff is found. Be on the alert!—and believe me, &c.* VALENTINE.

Postscript. I am no longer private secretary to Viscount Winterly, having resigned that high office last night, with the determination to carve my own way in the world. I sail next week for America, where, in the swarm of adventurers, a man's ancestry being, like mine, an impenetrable mystery, is a crime sometimes pardoned—and that's not so in England.

Henry. Poor Valentine! A mystery indeed, for it enshrouds even the names of his father and mother;

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and, from the eye of the vulgar many, hides his fine qualities. Ah, vanity is an engine to work, and Mrs. Payksan is an adept; but who would have thought to see her govern my uncle in this way? Her ministration never tires. She has her lozenges for my lord's throat, mixtures of all kinds for his gout and palpitations; she feeds every silly humour, and bathes his self-love in perpetual praise. What a woman she is! She has physicked half a dozen disconsolate people, in the village, into uniting in a club; and they go to hear each other lecture on the rights of woman, and God knows what—themselves and the benches being the audience. She would inoculate us with what she calls the American system. Who can tell what we may come to? Strange things have come from smaller beginnings.

Marg. The book? You said Petrarch, sir.

[*Offering it.*]

Henry. Ah!

Marg. [*Tying his master's dress.*] A string loose, sir. [*Aside.*] If I did not brace him up, now and then, he would get as slack as a street fiddle.

Henry. See if my sister's maid is down stairs. Say I want to see Mrs. Winslove, immediately.

Marg. Certainly, sir; but won't your honour breakfast to-day?

Henry. I have breakfasted.

Marg. Your honour, that was yesterday.

Henry. Yesterday—Was it?

Marg. Never anger the stomach, sir—my own experience of an enraged stomach, the appetite being at meridian, is——

Henry. Will you go for Mrs. Winslove?

[*Exit* MARGIN.

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SCENE V.

Henry. I wonder if that fellow suspects me—my head is full of shadows. Oh, the curse of shyness. There is my gay sister, all life and encouragement—would have me think I have more in me than half the young men. But if I can make no use of it!—What avails a thousand pound note? What a man wants is loose change. A man may do more with an ounce of impudence than a ton of brains. Let me see! Julia will be here. She is shrewd-witted; but so good, so warm-hearted. And something she knows, I am sure of it, and wants me to know. She never forgets other people. More than once she would have talked with me, but I repulsed her. Now, this weary watch my uncle has set me, is almost over, I will hear Julia's secret. My uncle, and his designs on Emily, it bears on them, I am satisfied of that—but I have not the face to ask what it is. She shall speak, and I say nothing. I will try my art on Julia.

SCENE VI.

Enter MRS. WINSLOVE.

Mrs. Winsl. Good morning to you, Henry [*touching his shoulder*].

Henry. [*Starts.*] News, sister! I have news for you.

Mrs. Winsl. I find you deep in meditation. What do you brood over?

Henry. It is news.

Mrs. Winsl. Some grand conception.

Henry. Your uncle may be here, before the clock strikes.

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Mrs. Winsl. There, now; I was sure it was not news; it has been in the house since early this morning.

Henry. It is not very old, then.

Mrs. Winsl. Why, news dies of old age, in half an hour. It has a vivacity of existence you know nothing of, living among these mummies—your shelves there, of unburied fops.

Henry. Books, sister, as wise men have thought, are companions; a praise I cannot bestow on the denizens of the gay society you live with.

Mrs. Winsl. Books, brother, as you use them, are an opiate, with which you drug yourself, producing fogs and melancholy. I would not rail at your dumb company, but I would rather chat away the morning with a pleasant woman—

Henry. Or man?

Mrs. Winsl. Or listen any length of time to a pleasant man—he need not be a paragon of attractions; but I would have him good-humoured, good-looking, well-bred, well-dressed, disposed to the adoring—the *nonchalant* I cannot abide, it offends one's vanity—in short a clever, presentable man, than read all the books in the Vatican.

Henry. A scholar is twice a man.

Mrs. Winsl. Scholarly men, brother, are like elderly women—one may admire their getting up, but they are not captivating. I will venture again—don't be too much shocked, good recluse—that in seeing the world, uncouth monster as it is, and mixing with its citizens, much as you despise them, you would find more inspiration than in all your dead friends ever wrote.

Henry. Precious inspiration!

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Mrs. Winsl. Better see a drowning boy pulled out of a duck pond, than read the deeds of Hector.

Henry. Well, well! All this has been said before. "It is trite enough. I will agree, your friends are the "cream of the cream; these people of all ages and "both sexes, who go the rounds of society—the para- "dise where you pick up your inspiration—the young "to cultivate their frivolity, the old their malice; and "the rest to yawn, and wish themselves at the devil, "or at home. But, setting aside your question of high "reason, let us fold our wings and drop down to the "ground, where you women can walk in safety." What think you of the news—the expected arrival?

Mrs. Winsl. [*Aside.*] Humph! he never proposed such a question, in his life, before; nor do I think, poor fellow! he was ever so cross with me. [*Aloud.*] What do I think? I think as you do, our uncle will soon be here.

Henry. That is encouraging.

Mrs. Winsl. Very.

Henry. To know that a peer of the realm, with thirty thousand a year, and unlimited command of post-horses, when he gets within twenty miles of his own gate, can overcome the perils of the last twenty times seventeen hundred and sixty yards.

Mrs. Winsl. Is that the length of a statute mile?

Henry. I did not think he would be here so soon.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, yes!

Henry. He takes one by surprise.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, no!

Henry. I thought the advice of his physician—letters from Mrs. Payksan—gout coming on—snuff giving out—some fancy his health was affected—in

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short, anything which blows about so light a body, would have kept him away from us.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, no!

Henry. You did not look for him.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, yes!

Henry. [*Aside.*] Oh yes, Oh no, Oh no, Oh yes! [*Aloud.*] Do you know, Julia, I should be glad, that is I ought to be glad, to see our uncle; I always thought he possessed one, or may be, two good qualities. What do you say to that?—Taking it up in the manner of good society.

Mrs. Winsl. I think he stands thirty thousand a year tolerably well.

Henry. Ha, ha! Well enough. But what do you think of our uncle generally—expatiatingly—as you would chat him over with a clever woman, or presentable man, good humored, good looking, disposed to the adoring?

Mrs. Winsl. He would expatiate to me.

Henry. Did you ever hear whether Lord Winterly was in love?—As a young man, I mean.

Mrs. Winsl. The loves of remote ages are so unsatisfactory; but we will ask him about it, at dinner, to-day.

Henry. You are provoking! You are absurd! Did you come here to laugh at me? I have better occupation——

Mrs. Winsl. Than what? perhaps than your present occupation?

Henry. Be it so.

Mrs. Winsl. And what is that, Henry? Tell me what it is, of late, turns awry your temper, and now your conversation; makes you impatient to dismiss a topic, which has more of your talk than any other, to stir such a dish of tattle? You sent for me—why?

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Henry. You must answer your question—anxious young women do that.

Mrs. Winsl. Henry, you are not happy.

Henry. Wait, and you may know more.

Mrs. Winsl. A sister's heart is impatient. Come, Henry—let us be to each other, as we have ever been, the truest of friends.

Henry. Julia!

Mrs. Winsl. And confidants! What tie so dear as that which unites two orphans, cast, as we were, so early, on the world?—Yet how unlike each other—you a grave and studious youth, and I the merry girl—But, you loved me the better for that. How have I lost your confidence?

Henry. I am a wretch!

Mrs. Winsl. Why cover your face? There is nothing to be ashamed of—that I am sure of—speak! Then, I will. You are in love—It is nothing worse; a little awkward it should be with Emily. Oh, don't stare at me so! I am no conjuror—people all round you are as wise as I am.

Henry. I am discovered!

Mrs. Winsl. And now, dearest Henry, that you have told me, let me call it, what I, and everybody, knew before, I have no half confidences with you. Hear me—Emily returns your affection.

Henry. Good God—what will my uncle think?

Mrs. Winsl. Dry your eyes, brother, and listen.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my lord has, this moment, arrived.

[*Exit* SERVANT.]

Henry. I could not bear the meeting—Do you re-

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main! I will withdraw, and endeavour to compose my spirits. [*Going.*]

Mrs. Winsl. But, Henry, Henry!—not that way; not by the main staircase; you will meet my lord, and all his train—you would not bow and pass on, would you?

SCENE VII.

Enter MARGIN.

Marg. Please you, sir, I thought you would be pleased to know, our uncle is coming up stairs, in a towering passion—talking all the way. His lordship is in one of his moods. To be sure, it is nobody's business what he means, but he talks loud, sir, very loud.

Mrs. Winsl. We shall have a storm.

Marg. Looks equinoctial, ma'am.

Henry. What can I do? Margin, get the key of the observatory.

Marg. [*Aside.*] A pleasant time for star gazing!

Henry. Margin, get a horse saddled, instantly.

Marg. Not an *Equus*, sir!

Henry. A horse, sir.

Marg. Your honour will fall off.

Mrs. Winsl. Yes, yes, you can take a turn in the park. I will lend you Daisy.

Marg. But stay a moment, sir! You won't ride in your dressing gown. [*Gets his master's coat.*]

Mrs. Winsl. And, Margin! you will mount too, and follow your master. Don't go beyond the park, Margin!

Marg. No, ma'am, and we won't ride fast, either.

Mrs. Winsl. Your master has his slippers on, Margin.

Marg. Not a horse in the stable, ma'am, that would not be shocked.

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Mrs. Winsl. Take them off, Margin!—Never mind them, Margin!

Henry. It is too late now—I can ride so.

Mrs. Winsl. Get your master's things, and carry them down to him. Go for them, Margin! Go, Henry! by this door, and turn to the left. [*Exit* HENRY.

SCENE VIII.

Marg. Ma'am, the horse for my master would be the horse he tells me the poets used to ride; and, even he, Mr. Henry says, had a way of throwing people off.

Mrs. Winsl. Go for your master's horse—follow your master! Away! away!

Marg. But, he is so in love, ma'am, I would as soon put a gentleman on horseback fast asleep.

Mrs. Winsl. Go!

Marg. Or, with the nettle-rash, ma'am.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh Margin! Margin! [*Exit* MARGIN.]

Mrs. Winsl. He will escape my uncle, if he don't stop to consider, before mounting Daisy! Oh, my dear Henry! you think without acting—and our poor uncle, he acts without thinking. Here he is—and Valentine—Valentine shall not see he flutters me.

SCENE IX.

Enter LORD WINTERLY, VALENTINE, *and* SERVANTS.

Mrs. Winsl. My dear uncle!

Lord Win. Hah! Where is the young gentleman? Here are the books, but where is the benevolent reader?

Valentine. [*Aside to* MRS. WINSLOVE.] Fairest!

Mrs. Winsl. [*Aside to* VALENTINE.] Truant! Hush!

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Lord Win. Where is your brother?

Mrs. Winsl. In the park, uncle, on horseback, taking an airing.

Lord Win. In the park! In the Bosphorus! He don't know the way to the park.

Mrs. Winsl. Uncle, we were expecting you——

Lord Win. On horseback! Why not a steeple chase? The young hero, why 'tis the Olympic games! into the saddle out of the library window. In the park taking an airing! I shall hear next of the Iliad and pure mathematics airing themselves in the park!—[*To a* SERVANT.] Sirrah, see whether your master is under some great tree airing himself with Diogenes—or, do you hear, sir, with Diana.

Servant. My lord?

Lord Win. Where is Emily?

Mrs. Winsl. Uncle, she went out somewhere.

Lord Win. Somewhere! what a dear indefinite thing it is. Where is Mrs. Payksan?

Mrs. Winsl. She has not been at the castle since you left us.

Lord Win. [*To a* SERVANT.] Let the chariot go for Mrs. Payksan. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Say I expect her in thirty minutes.

Mrs. Winsl. You will wait for Henry a few minutes, uncle?

Lord Win. Don't tell me of minutes!—[*To a* SERVANT.] Let Mr. Henry be looked for everywhere, and told I am here. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Mrs. Winsl. [*Aside to* VALENTINE.] Do say something.

Val. Pardon me, but your haste, my lord, reminds me of your story of your lordship's getting the better of Lord Scamper.

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Lord Win. We will dispense with that, sir.

Mrs. Winsl. [*Aside.*] Try again presently.—[*Aloud.*] But, uncle, your tour?

Lord Win. Infatuated is the man who leaves his own house for roads and inns; but what is he who expects to find his house in order when he returns to it? [*To the* SERVANTS.] Go, some more of you, and look for this gentleman! [*Exeunt two or three* SERVANTS.] A curse upon the road!

Val. I pray for every inch of it—except where they take the toll.

Lord Win. I detest it.

Val. Why, my lord! New places, new faces—civil landlords with smiling wives and condescending daughters. You remember your adventure at Abbeville——

Lord Win. I remember that till yesterday, when you threw up your place, sir, you had something to pay toll with; now you have nothing. I will have the bell rung for this fellow.

Val. And what an equal heaven the road is! Why, a hundred miles from where he was born, a smart young fellow passes for younger brother to somebody, or gets along as well as anybody, after he is known to be nobody.

Mrs. Winsl. To be sure, uncle.

Val. Do you know, my lord, I have sometimes thought—you know you have been kind enough to tell me of your contests you had with the levellers, in one of your boroughs——

Lord Win. Go—another of you. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Val. Do you know I have often thought the worst of levellers are those level roads, with iron tops to them, where people switch round the world, at fifty

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miles an hour, for a penny a mile—hundreds of them, with the same horse.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, steam, steam, what mischief you have done!

Val. Oh! my lord, it is all wrong this making everybody comfortable. It has a sensible effect on peers and post-horses. Give everybody a horse and you play hob with our institutions.

Lord Win. I am deceived! it is too plain. I call you, niece, to witness——

Mrs. Winsl. Contain yourself, uncle! You will make yourself ill. You know, the Doctor——

Lord Win. Mrs. Payksan was right. I am imposed on. Henry has——

Val. Think of your respiration, my lord!

Lord Win. Damn my respiration!

Val. You remember, last season in London, Dr. Dyer had his wax preparations, and explained to you—

Lord Win. I remember nothing!

Val. That the pulmonary orifices of your lordship's heart, with valves which allow your lordship's blood to run from the auricles to the ventricles, and the ventricles to the arteries——

Lord Win. Out upon you!

Val. And shut back, with the contraction of your lordship's organ——

Lord Win. Away with your gibberish!

Mrs. Winsl. Consider, my lord, your nephew, your heir!

Lord Win. I will have no nephews. I will——

Mrs. Winsl. Uncle! I will see no injustice done Henry! My lord, his feelings must be respected.

Lord Win. Silence, all of you! Come here! [*to a*

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SERVANT, *whose arm he takes*] I will send no more messages, listen to no more speeches! I will do the work myself. I will join the hunt: I will go and look up this unfortunate young gentleman, drest—how was he drest?—who having escaped from his uncle's house, has wandered off to the fields, in a fit of derangement.

Mrs. Winsl. My lord, I accompany you.

Lord Win. Has he tumbled into the fish pond, or fallen asleep on the grass? We shall see. I will have the water dragged for him, and the grass too. Come along!

Val. There he goes to play the fool *out* of doors, like Polonius. To love is to be jealous, heaven knows—and so, alas, do I—But when a man falls in love after fifty—no matter where between fifty and a hundred—whether his passion is the woman or the estate, it is sure to make him ridiculous.

Tender young hearts oppressed with jealous fear,
We weep for—your old hearts are only queer.

END OF ACT I.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

Grounds adjoining Winterly Castle.

Enter, from without, OLD PAYKSAN, YOUNG PAYKSAN, *and* MRS. PAYKSAN, *followed by a* SERVANT *of Lord Winterly, loaded with books, papers, baskets, and parcels.*

Mrs. Payk. [*Looking at her watch.*] I am eleven minutes too soon for his lordship; we will give them to moral recreation. Don't send away the chariot, John!

Old Payk. My dear, you will keep my lord's carriage half the day.

Mrs. Payk. Mr. Payksan!! Do you think I don't know the value of time, Mr. Payksan?—and other people's carriages? The basket of fruit is for myself, John; you will carry it home for me. Give the roll of red flannel to *the committee on rheumatic females.* Hand the Petition for *Biped Suffrage* to young Mr. Pollemall; he will put the names to it. The address of the Society for *The immediate abolition of voluntary homicide*, goes to the office of Mrs. Tourniquet, the first Vice-President. The other things can lie in the chariot till I come back. That is all, John!

Servant. Yes, madam.

Mrs. Payk. Only, stop at the Post Office for letters, John, and newspapers; and you may leave *No let up* for publication in the *Friendly Monitor;* and give

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Low Wages to Mrs. Adam Smith, and ten copies of my *Tisiphone or the New System* to Miss Bramble, and *Men the softer sex* to Mr. Smooth, and Mr. Smallpipes' pamphlet to anybody who will read it. *Virtue in small doses*, is for the servants at Mrs. Goodwoman's. She is a poor orthodox creature, and must not know where it comes from. You need not stay, John. Thank you, John! I will remember you in Christmas week. [*Exit* SERVANT.] And oh! John, John! [*Re-enter* SERVANT.] There is my Ode to the Hottentot Venus; Brother Blackface is to set it to the new American air, *Fragrant Sister*—don't forget to leave it as you pass his door. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Young Payk. Mamma, I don't think the old fellow will see you to-day.

Mrs. Payk. My dear, don't say *old fellow*. It has not the moral turn. Besides, Lord Winterly is not much older than your papa.

Old Payk. Excuse me, my dear. But he is soon to be a bridegroom.

Mrs. Payk. Don't be precipitate, Mr. Payksan, perhaps not.

Young Payk. That would not make him much younger, papa!

Mrs. Payk. Don't say so, my dear. It would be sure to make him younger. It is a fresh start. Marriage is always a fresh start. Every time a man takes another wife, the foolish creature thinks himself a young fellow, beginning life again, no matter how old he is. There is Lord Winterly's sporting neighbor, Sir Harry Horseflesh, has renewed himself in that way four times. I do hope, Mr. Payksan, when I am gone, you won't be making a fool of yourself.

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Old Payk. Probably not in that way, my dear; but if I should, I am not a Lord Winterly, with mind and body, both, to be patched.

Mrs. Payk. Possibly, Mr. Payksan; but, as I never forget anything myself, I was surprised at your decay of memory, just now.

Old Payk. I thought if young Landaff came upon the stage——

Mrs. Payk. The stage! Come upon the stage! Mr. Payksan, don't draw your metaphors from the play-house. See, my poor husband; you would like, I suppose, to have Tom married to Emily Meadows, the richest heiress in this part of the country.

Old Payk. Ridiculous!

Young Payk. Mamma, I want to speak!

Mrs. Payk. Presently, sir, you shall have the floor five minutes. Go now [*to* YOUNG PAYKSAN], and see the servants tell Lord Winterly I am here—Go, sir! [*Exit* YOUNG PAYKSAN.] Observe, Mr. Payksan, and don't be hasty. I ought to know how the will runs. It is in the handwriting of Wright, the Solicitor, who went all the way from London to draw it. *I, Philip Landaff*, those are the words, *at Pen* something, the barbarous place where he was living, you know, under a cloud, *do devise*, and half a dozen words, all meaning the same thing, *my entire estate*, but it takes a skin of parchment to say so, not to my nephew, and if he don't come for it, then to my niece, but first and foremost *to my sister's child Emily Meadows, provided my brother's son, Philip Landaff, for seven years past not heard of, and believed to be dead, be not ascertained on competent proofs to be alive*——

Old Payk. Which is now ascertained, by those

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London solicitors; and the young man may be looked for every day.

Mrs. Payk. I ought to know something of that, Mr. Payksan. Well, *be not ascertained to be alive before the said Emily Meadows attains the age of* 19 *years;* which the testator proceeds to declare will happen the 12th October in the year of grace 1860.

Old Payk. Now thirteen days off.

Mrs. Payk. Yes, and if his nephew don't turn up, before that day, then Emily, who, it is his wish and desire, but not his command, should *marry John Henry Edward William* 13*th Lord Winterly*, is left in the undisturbed possession of the whole property, and the heir cut off——

Old Payk. If he don't appear.

Mrs. Payk. Whether he *afterwards* appear or not; he must be found before the 12th of October, 1860; and the testator, all contradiction, fixes the reward at 5000 guineas, for finding his heir, whom he did not want found; and, now the day is so near, there is a perfect race for the guineas, among the solicitor folks—and the will ends, as they all do, with wax and ribbon; after declaring Lord Winterly guardian of the young lady and trustee of the whole estate, till Landaff comes, when Landaff, in getting the estate, takes control of Emily—my daughter, that is to be, Mr. Payksan——

Old Payk. You are mad, I see.

Mrs. Payk. See? You never see anything—you see with one eye shut, and the other looking through smoked glass; like a man at an eclipse. You see like a sick man, propped on a pillow, what is set before your eyes to look at, and you see nothing else, and never did. When did you see round a corner?

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Old Payk. I see that, throwing aside the uncertainty of Miss Meadows having anything at all, till the 12th of October, 1860, when it is too late for Philip Landaff to come for the estate, you would have half the marriageable men in the kingdom to compete with your son. Here is a girl with money enough to make a countess. The rush for a rich wife—you know what it is. Why the men will be agog for her. You will have to conquer the island again.

Mrs. Payk. It shall be conquered.

Old Payk. To encounter every able-bodied Englishman who has not a wife already; and may be some annexing Yankee too.

Mrs. Payk. They shall be encountered.

Old Payk. Bravo, madam!

Mrs. Payk. Subdued—consumed.

Old Payk. A brisk military appetite! Why, you would breakfast on a village, lunch on a fortress, and dine on forty thousand men. You must sap and mine too; you have to engineer out of your way Miss Meadows' attachment to Lord Winterly's nephew; everybody says they are over head and ears in love with one another.

Mrs. Payk. Engineer attachments! Did not I marry our dissipated Willie to quite an heiress he was not attached to, at all; after getting her to break her match with Mr. Godly, the most devout young man in a radius of ten miles, who almost swore he was attached to her?—and so I believe he was, for he had not a farthing—Was not that engineering? Did not Mr. Gingerly refuse to be present, to see his ward married to our poor dear Jonathan, because, after what had happened, he considered her the same as

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married to young Backwater, who so basely deserted her? Was not that engineering?

Old Payk. The less said about that, the better, Mrs. Payksan.

Mrs. Payk. Did not that vinegar thing, Miss Cruet, tell you it was not safe for single women in the neighborhood?—And your Scotch crony, old MacSneer, when he wanted to be particularly disagreeable, offer me his picture of the Rape of the Sabines, if I would hang it up?

Old Payk. I remember that.

Mrs. Payk. And, had not the nasty Sawney the impudence to show where it might hang in the parlor, opposite my own portrait, Mr. Payksan? And did not you stand by, and hear him? Lord! but husbands are meek things!

Old Payk. I am no engineer, but it does appear strange you make your London solicitors there, Shark and Company, search for Landaff everywhere, if you want to marry your son to Emily Meadows, when, Landaff, if he comes before the 12th of October, takes every farthing of her estate from her.

Mrs. Payk. If Landaff should appear, and leave Miss Meadows penniless, will Lord Winterly marry her?

Old Payk. Probably not.

Mrs. Payk. And the girl might be anybody's wife.

Old Payk. She is high born.

Mrs. Payk. High fiddlestick! If my son marries Emily Meadows, after Landaff appears, and when she is as poor as a mouse, can Lord Winterly unmarry them, because the Landaff turns out to be a mistake, and disappears, and leaves her as rich as a Jew?

Old Payk. Appears—disappears. Who is this?

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Mrs. Payk. Who should it be but Philip Landaff? Do you think the lawyers could blunder? He is a person found in London, corresponding at all points, age, and what not, with the lost nephew of the late Mr. Landaff; even the deep scar on his left shoulder.

Old Payk. The cut, I suppose, he received when Martha Williams, the nurse, let him fall down the rocks.

Mrs. Payk. Ignorant of his own birth, and earlier years, more than that he came into the world to fine clothes and dainty food, he was soon cast adrift, he knows not by whom, or why; has lived by his wits, sometimes well, oftener in misery, and always haunted by the belief he is somebody; some scraps of education he has picked up, and nature has bestowed on him an independent spirit, a mouthful of sense, and bushels of assurance. Nothing could be odder than old Philip was, why should not this be young Philip?

Old Payk. Do you believe it?

Mrs. Payk. Every word of it—the man himself is thoroughly persuaded of it.

SCENE II.

Enter YOUNG PAYKSAN.

Young Payk. Now, mamma!

Old Payk. Or, are you party to a scheme of danger?

Mrs. Payk. Danger! Do you think I have no more nerve than a man?

Old Payk. I tell you, any scheme to marry a son of mine to Miss Meadows is not respectable.

[*Exit* OLD PAYKSAN.

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SCENE III.

Young Payk. Now, mamma!

Mrs. Payk. Not respectable! Wealth and prosperity not respectable! Since when?

Young Payk. Now, mamma!

Mrs. Payk. Once get my lord to propose for Miss Tiegerly, for his nephew, and then, when Landaff appears there is nothing in the way of this fledgling. Henry will be married off; Emily will be a poor girl till Landaff blows up; and, before that happens, I will make her my daughter. When my daughter is an heiress, I am an heiress—no, I am an *heir*. I won't be diluted. Now, mamma, well!

Young Payk. I want to know whether I can be married without my consent.

Mrs. Payk. Were not you born without your consent?

Young Payk. And, may be, I shall die without my consent. But what of that?

Mrs. Payk. You silly thing, only fit to swing on a gate, what do you know of marriage? Why, marriage is war.

Young Payk. Mamma, that is nonsense.

Mrs. Payk. Do I ever talk nonsense? I tell you, under the new system——

Young Payk. New system! Now mamma, if you come to that.

Mrs. Payk. Marriage is war—a system with three elements, debt, taxes, and heavy artillery. You pigmy, do you think marriage is a reel?

Young Payk. But, mamma, there is love!

Mrs. Payk. Love is a vulgar error. Wait till I have found a match for you.

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Young Payk. Then, I am to be matched like a horse.

Mrs. Payk. Don't you know that's genteel? It is so the people of quality make matches. You must not run about for one, as if you had been a charity child.

Young Payk. And what does my heart run about for?

Mrs. Payk. The heart is an organ useful to the circulation, but wholly destitute of moral significance. I see you must be set to rights, you must be reconstructed.

Young Payk. Mamma, I don't want to be reconstructed.

Mrs. Payk. You must love on the New System—not like those heathens in the Pantheon.

Young Payk. I choose to be in love in the natural way.

Mrs. Payk. My dear, I do not choose you to be in love in any way, at all, till after the 12th of October, 1860, and that is, let me see, twelve days sixteen hours and ten minutes off.

Young Payk. Does love go by the clock?

Mrs. Payk. To be sure it does. What should it go by?—That and the multiplication table, you know.

Young Payk. I am in love with Mrs. Winslove.

Mrs. Payk. In love with a widow? Look at me, sir, and think what you are saying.

Young Payk. Everybody is in love with her.

Mrs. Payk. You simpleton! That is a recommendation.

Young Payk. She is so good, and so clever. Then, she is young and handsome.

Mrs. Payk. No! not young.

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Young Payk. She is as young as I am.

Mrs. Payk. No, sir, she is much older; widows are never young.

Young Payk. If I marry Mrs. Winslove, I shall be just my wife's age.

Mrs. Payk. No, sir!

Young Payk. I was born in 1838, and so was she.

Mrs. Payk. That is not the way to count. Mrs. Winslove was married just six years ago; she was one year married, and has been five years a widow; the one year married counts two; that is two, and the five years a widow count each four; five fours are twenty, that is twenty, and two make twenty-two; and twenty-two more—you say she was born in 1838—that makes forty-four. Mrs. Winslove is forty-four years old.

Young Payk. La! mamma, she don't look it.

Mrs. Payk. That is her age, exactly. [*Enter* SERVANT.]

Servant. My lord will see Mrs. Payksan.

Mrs. Payk. I will be with his lordship, in an instant. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Sit down here, and improve your mind [*producing a manuscript*].

Young Payk. On the New System?

Mrs. Payk. Study this till I come back—or, try this! [*changing it*] the same subject—from another standpoint.

Young Payk. Mamma, is that the other pocket?

Mrs. Payk. Learn it by heart, sir.

Young Payk. By my organ of circulation, mamma?

Mrs. Payk. Don't forget what I have said to you.

Young Payk. But, mamma, it has not the moral turn.

Mrs. Payk. My dear, I ought to know best.

[*Exit* MRS. PAYKSAN.

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SCENE IV.

Young Payk. I guess that is a vulgar error. Old spitfire! She could play even with the devil. Very hard, I have to read her books. It is always hard on a man, when his friends write books. But I won't lose a word of this; so here! [*stuffs it in his hat.*] What is the Secretary in such close talk with Mrs. Winslove about? I don't like to see that. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter from without VALENTINE *and* MRS. WINSLOVE.

Val. You think my love is too ambitious.

Mrs. Winsl. I never said so, Valentine.

Val. Julia, one who loves as I do, sues to possess a being he adores. Love, like mine, aspires, be the lover humble or exalted.

Mrs. Winsl. To my eyes, Valentine, you were never humble.

Val. Since first I beheld you, Julia—when first I took, in Lord Winterly's household, the paltry place, which now I have surrendered, to seek some better and worthier fortune, not an hour but my heart has knelt to you in silent adoration. My daily prayer to heaven has been, that, in this wide world, I should find some road to a success I could offer to share with you.

Mrs. Winsl. But that is not yet.

Val. When you did not turn from me; when, bold though I was, you deigned to hear the breathings of my love, my happiness seemed too much. And, now that I am to leave you, may I not ask to be assured you love me? To know that should I return, worthy of your hand, I may not find it another's?

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Mrs. Winsl. Valentine, you must know—I——

Val. Well, Julia?

Mrs. Winsl. I have too often listened to you—oh, you must see——

Val. What, Julia?

Mrs. Winsl. Unreasonable man!

Val. Unreasonable! Oh, unreasonable world!—where love like mine can be listened to, and convention bar the way to its being answered. My birth is unknown; the strange mystery which hangs about me is—unknown it is, though, and you despise me.

Mrs. Winsl. Now, Valentine, you must feel you are unjust. You leave next week for America—you ask to pledge me, and pledge me secretly; for you could hardly mean my uncle should be informed of your proposals. You are unkind.

Val. Unkind!

Mrs. Winsl. Hear me! I would be more than kind. I would be considerate. Go, unencumbered by promises. 'Tis best. Why should you, to the struggle of life, bear with you a burden? A burden which, before we can meet again, may prove a burden you would cast off.

Val. A burden!

Mrs. Winsl. You may forget me. Men forget. No! I ought not to accept your pledge.

Val. Julia!

Mrs. Winsl. You have my answer! [*With emotion.*]

Val. This little hand tells me, as it throbs, I have not yet my answer! Speak, Julia! once more? [*Kneels.*]

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SCENE VI.

Enter QUEEN, *softly, from within.*

Queen. [*Aside.*] Poor Mr. Valentine! I would not have missed it for a guinea.

Mrs. Winsl. [*To* VALENTINE.] Hush! hush! You don't see——?

Val. I rise not from your feet until—[*seeing* QUEEN] —What does the girl mean?

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, Queen! how can you rush on one in that sudden way?

Queen. Ma'am, indeed, indeed, I made as much noise as I could, to make Mr. Valentine get up. He is deaf as a post.

Mrs. Winsl. You are too bad.

Queen. Upon my heart, I am sorry, ma'am, I am indeed—but I catch the gentlemen so often.

Mrs. Winsl. Queen, you are incorrigible.

Queen. It ought to be in the house, when they get on their knees; indeed, ma'am, it is but decent. I never saw it on a gravel walk before, in all my experience.

Mrs. Winsl. What is it? What is the matter?

Queen. Why, ma'am, you bid me let you know when Mrs. Payksan was going away, and that is now, ma'am. My lord and she are coming out.

Mrs. Winsl. Where is Mr. Henry?

Queen. In the library.

Mrs. Winsl. Go! you baggage! Leave me, Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* QUEEN *severally.*

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Winsl. His heart is true and constant—and mine is? mine—mine is entangled—But Henry—Let

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me think of him—'Tis plain from what in the park in the midst of his rage, my uncle, just now, let fall, he means—'tis Mrs. Payksan's device, of course—to marry Henry out of Emily's way—to find him a wife, whether he will or no. If Henry saw into their purposes, there would be no restraining him—But here are the conspirators. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter from within LORD WINTERLY *and* MRS. PAYKSAN.

Lord Win. No—it was not exactly Henry's fault, for he did not mean it; it was involuntary.

Mrs. Payk. Oh, spontaneous combustion—fires will happen that way—it is never anybody's fault. But, he is deep in love. That is your lordship's judgment?

Lord Win. That is my judgment.

Mrs. Payk. These studious youths, they meditate too much, melt too easily. That is your lordship's experience?

Lord Win. That is my experience.

Mrs. Payk. Indoors life, my lord, confined air, close rooms. That is your lordship's view?

Lord Win. If I had the plague of another boy to educate, I would send him to a public school where they keep the windows up.

Mrs. Payk. To be sure! fresh air. Who ever heard of a susceptible fox hunter? There is my youngest, your lordship knows him; a tractable lad, innocent as a colt—he don't fox hunt, but always jumping fences.

Lord Win. Henry don't fox hunt—I wish he would jump fences.

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Mrs. Payk. Did your lordship never read Miss Rawbones? *Rawbones on the Candescence of the Human System*—a work intended for the use of schools. Read it, my lord—you will see your nephew is in the semifluid state—like the inmates of a nunnery.

Lord Win. Possible? semifluid!

Mrs. Payk. And, why not, your lordship? What is the system, now, but fluids? What are we made of? What becomes of people? Where are all your lordship's ancestors? When your lordship loses an ounce of flesh, where does it go, if it is not a fluid, that goes off in a vapor?

Lord Win. I don't say much about it; but do you know, in the last three weeks, my system has lost four ounces? It can't be the chalk mixture, can it?—or the freckle-wash?—No?

Mrs. Payk. Evaporation, my lord! I don't say much about it, your lordship; but one of my transatlantic correspondents, Miss Torricellia Vacuum, a Rhode Island lady of rare endowments, is engaged in a series of experiments—they are physical, my lord—the result of which will be to enable us, by a process of alternate evaporation and condensation, to eliminate all gaseous particles of the system, and reduce it to a residuum—in effect the new system, which will be both malleable and ductile.

Lord Win. That will be very satisfactory. Where did you say the island was?

Mrs. Payk. Rhode Island, my lord. One of the States. I will show it to your lordship on the map. Oh! a wonderful little country, adjacent to Connecticut and contiguous to Massachusetts. Your lordship remembers, I cautioned you about Mr. Henry.

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Lord Win. Demure looks—how they deceive!

Mrs. Payk. I am no physiognomist, if what his system needs is not a sedative.

Lord Win. Is it a powder? I am so particular.

Mrs. Payk. 'Tis a judicious marriage.

Lord Win. Yes, you explained all that.

Mrs. Payk. Marry him, my lord! Don't let him disappoint your lordship's just expectations.

Lord Win. And you would recommend Lord Tiegerly's third daughter?

Mrs. Payk. She will make a first-class wife.

Lord Win. Mag Tiegerly—Well!

Mrs. Payk. And her father will make a first-class settlement; he has a first-class income.

Lord Win. Tiegerly provides liberally for his daughters, yes—I feel resolved—will you see him for me?

Mrs. Payk. Immediately—I am so pleased to see your lordship's mind at ease.

Lord Win. No—I ought not to be kept uneasy. The studious gentleman shall take a wife. I won't have him live in polygamy, with his books.

Mrs. Payk. Ha, ha! moral incontinence! How good, your lordship! a system of polygamy! It amounts to it. He is gloomy as a Turk with a house full of wives.

Lord Win. Ha, ha! a library of them! A seraglio of all languages; no wonder he gets a little confused, Mrs. Payksan.

Mrs. Payk. Confused! So he does, your lordship—bewilders himself. How your lordship sums up a question! You acquired the habit in your seat in Parliament!

Lord Win. I never spoke.

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Mrs. Payk. What a loss to the country! The silence of our public men is a real calamity. Such energy of expression! Polygamy! titles and estates don't come by that process; nor talents neither. Ah! the hereditary talent of the Winterlys. Your lordship's sarcasm is grand.

Lord Win. I think it is telling.

Mrs. Payk. Scathing, my lord, positively scathing! Like a burst of American eloquence. I am told it has been in the family since before the discovery of America.

Lord Win. Not so long as that.

Mrs. Payk. Not so long—no, but it is often cited by us on the question of the gradual perfecting of the system. That subject was examined the other evening by our moderator, a maiden lady of the most penetrating mind; nothing escapes her.

Lord Win. I dare say.

Mrs. Payk. We are so delicate, always, when we get among the facts.

Lord Win. Ha, ha! You mean well, you ladies—but you are a little vigorous, when you get among the facts. You shall have the Winterly papers, my good friend, trunks of them—they will help you.

Mrs. Payk. They will be invaluable. We'll trace your lordship's system to the Silurian period—some distinguished Trilobite family.

Lord Win. Trilobite?—Our blood is Norman.

Mrs. Payk. Oh, Norman, certainly—But, that don't stand in the way, your lordship—not the least—Now, I feel quite ashamed, but your lordship is so generous, and our society is so poor—now, if you could spare us fifty pounds, it would so facilitate the pursuit of these delicate inquiries.

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Lord Win. Fifty pounds! My dear friend, consider.

Mrs. Payk. Did I say fifty? I meant fifteen; did not I say fifteen, your lordship? Whatever your lordship pleases—I meant that.

Lord Win. My steward shall send you a guinea.

Mrs. Payk. Your lordship is too good. Our treasurer, Miss Angel, a woman of the most pure and exalted mind, your lordship heard, perhaps, eloped last week with all our loose cash.

Lord Win. Dear me! A maiden lady?

Mrs. Payk. Yes, my lord, taking with her young Mr. Easy, the handsome bookseller.

Lord Win. How strange!

Mrs. Payk. Books again, your lordship! Ah! if we had a cheap literature, to correct the tone of the public mind. Got up in the Yankee manner—phonetically—I wish your lordship would think of it.

Lord Win. I hope Miss Angel had not any of the ten thousand pounds with her—the ten thousand pounds I lent you, at six per cent., from the Landaff accumulations.

Mrs. Payk. Oh, no! no!! I wish your lordship good day. [*Going.*] So glad the gout's out of your system to-day. Should you have a return, don't omit the drops, your lordship. A tumblerful *after* the twinge, and your lordship might abridge your port and sherry, half a wineglass each bottle.

Lord Win. But you said my system did not require that.

Mrs. Payk. Oh, experimentally, your lordship, experimentally only. Congratulate your lordship on

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Mr. Henry's prospects! He will be all your lordship could wish.

Lord Win. Don't let the society touch on it—he is so queer.

Mrs. Payk. Oh! we respect Mr. Henry's organization; we always respect your lordship's family. Your lordship's chariot and servants were good enough to wait for me. Farewell, your lordship—adieu to your lordship! Progress, my lord! Energy and progress! —and the New System—Miss Tiegerly shall be your promised niece before night. [*Exit* MRS. PAYKSAN.

SCENE IX.

Enter from within, as MRS. PAYKSAN *goes off, talking,* HENRY *and* MRS. WINSLOVE.

Mrs. Winsl. [*Aside.*] That tartar, Mag Tiegerly! She is the fortunate woman—hey? Now, if I can but keep Henry quiet——Luckily, he did not hear.

Lord Win. You are just in time, good people. You must think no more of what I said in the park, Henry. It was the gout in my system. I have something, now, will make you happy. You have no notion what it is?

Mrs. Winsl. You will tell us, uncle.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Another scene!

Lord Win. You know—give me your attention, Henry—I shall add largely to my estate by my marriage with Miss Meadows; her income, not reckoning the produce of the Welsh mines to be opened next year—

Mrs. Winsl. Henry is acquainted with the rental of both estates, uncle. [*Beckons* HENRY *to assent.*]

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Henry. Acquainted—Oh! yes.

Lord Win. Well, the point is this; you know, in case of my dying without issue, not a probable event, but the remotest contingencies must be provided for, and your not marrying, the estates go over to those other people.

Mrs. Winsl. On failure of the male line of John de Winterly.

Lord Win. Those beggarly Lacklands, you know, Henry.

Mrs. Winsl. Nobody so familiar as Henry with pedigree. 'Tis one of your studies, brother.

Lord Win. The Lacklands! Think of it, Henry!

Mrs. Winsl. The family tree withers at the thought. They come in, you know, Henry.

Henry. Come in. Yes!

Lord Win. And, against them, I shall double lock the door.

Henry. Certainly!

Lord Win. By a double marriage.

Henry. Marriage? You said door!

Lord Win. You and I, Henry.

Henry. Heavens, uncle!

Lord Win. We will take our wives the same day.

Henry. Oh! each a wife!

Lord Win. Two weddings, and one bell ringing.

Mrs. Winsl. One bell ringing! Your lordship was always so frugal. Wait, Henry.

Lord Win. Right, Julia, we can be happy together.

Henry. My lord——

Mrs. Winsl. Stay, Henry, stay! his lordship is going to tell us who your bride is.

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Lord Win. 'Twill be an agreeable surprise.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Torture!

Lord Win. I have been looking round. These things should be well considered. There are the Lanktons. Two of those girls, though, have married without children.

Mrs. Winsl. A most unpromising alliance.

Lord Win. Right, again, Julia. Then the six Plantagenets—one might find a wife for Henry among them, but they have a game look, those women have, I don't like. Too much temper there.

Mrs. Winsl. And the seven Miss Snookes—they are such simpering nobodies, the Winterly blood would be thrown away on them.

Lord Win. Not to be thought of! Lord Twissleton's daughter has an inclination to a squint, and that is sometimes inherited.

Mrs. Winsl. She would have nothing but an inclination to a squint, uncle—Lord Twissleton is so poor, you know. A moment, Henry!

Lord Win. The Thornes are handsome girls, but they are all so deadly knowing.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, too cunning, by half! I have often heard you say, uncle, what right has the same woman to be clever and handsome both?

Lord Win. Perfectly true, my dear, a man is nobody. I thought of Emily's friend and playfellow, Miss Primrose. She is a little beauty, and not at all clever.

Mrs. Winsl. Pretty face! 'Well, enough to begin with. Patience, Henry—But, as you were going to say, uncle, it is a dowry that—that fades a little every day.

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Lord Win. My own idea, to a notch. It comes to this, nephew; you see, I have given my whole mind to the subject.

Henry. Uncle, you will allow me——

Lord Win. Oh! I will make you an allowance; you and your little wife.

Henry. My little wife! But, uncle, I must have time to consider a point so grave. It is so suddenly broached.

Lord Win. Man, it is not sudden. We won't have you grave. Why, 'twill be ravishing! Your wife at your side day and night—Select literature, English books and Yankee spelling—She shall read to you as long as you can keep awake, and when you fall asleep disturb you with a kiss.

Henry. Paradise, to be sure!

Lord Win. Paradise, with book-shelves. Think what a happy man your father Adam might have been, if he had had a good library.

Henry. [*Breaking away from* MRS. WINSLOVE'S *signs and dumb show.*] A word, uncle.

Mrs. Winsl. Now, not a word, Henry.

Henry. A word, uncle, before you go further.

Lord Win. To the purpose, sir.

Henry. Hear me, uncle. I have never thought of marrying—whatever has been said to the contrary.

Mrs. Winsl. No, he never entertained such a scheme; that I know, uncle! But Henry—

Henry. Excuse me, Julia! Uncle, I never thwarted you!

Lord Win. And will not now.

Henry. You must be aware I would not do so lightly.

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Lord Win. I hear you, sir.

Henry. I have given you little pain; let me say you could not give me so much as by pressing this project. I hope it will be dropped. I cannot be reconciled to it. Pardon me if I say nothing can move me.

Lord Win. Do you know, sir, according to learned societies, robustness of the system—mind and body, have been, for generations, hereditary in this family?

Henry. Hereditary virtues are a pleasing phenomenon.

Lord Win. And are traced by them to judicious marriages.

Henry. Their applause is to be coveted.

Mrs. Winsl. Uncle, I think I could——

Lord Win. Be still, Mrs. Manager—and fresh air—not parboiling the system with study. Do you want to evaporate? Do you know, sir, you are in the semi-fluid state, and a judicious marriage may restore you?

Mrs. Winsl. Now, uncle, a moment—you, who are so judicious.

Lord Win. Be quiet, Julia! I was admonished against you, sir. Mrs. Payksan told me how it would be. 'Sdeath! Give me a young fellow that plays the devil, and don't read and write.

Henry. My lord, this grows too ridiculous.

Mrs. Winsl. I could cry with vexation.

Lord Win. Put not your faith in scholars. They are neither malleable nor ductile.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, that Mrs. Payksan, and the rest of her gang! The Sessions ought to interfere, and prevent their running at large. They are too meddlesome. Uncle, you are a prey to that woman. She governs the house.

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Lord Win. And usurps your prerogative, madam—is that it? Why, sir? Why, will nothing move you? Move, indeed! hah! the pain you feel, when you are invited to do your duty, and perpetuate the family—Tell me, sir—when did you begin to feel that pain? Oh, I see! Silence is the trick of the machinery. Standing mute, like the map of the world, or the sun-dial, or any of your damned library furniture!

Henry. My lord, you expose yourself.

Mrs. Winsl. Uncle, uncle, had not you better tell us who the lady is?

Lord Win. Is not he in love with Emily?

Mrs. Winsl. Did he ever tell you so? Did he ever tell her so?

Lord Win. He is a dangerous young man.

Mrs. Winsl. Whoever takes a wife—pardon me, my lord—your birthday is in the peerage, part of the history of England—forty years too young for him, will find there are a great many dangerous young men.

Lord Win. Would they dare?——

Mrs. Winsl. Dare! It is you who dare. It is you who break the law.

Lord Win. Let that young gentleman, if he can, break the negotiation I have opened with Lord Tiegerly for his daughter's hand.

Henry. Young gentlemen negotiate for themselves—young ladies too.

Mrs. Winsl. Miss Tiegerly—Oh, my dear uncle! Mrs. Payksan said as much, when she curtsied so low her adieus, and her voice ran up and down, with her salaams and reverences. Oh, Mag Tiegerly—lovely, extravagant person—charming, indeed!

Henry. Why, Julia!

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Mrs. Winsl. Famous girls, the Tiegerlys—but, with Miss Meadows' great fortune, you will be so rich, you will bear the whole weight of the new establishment, and never feel it.

Lord Win. Why should I shoulder that? Tiegerly will do for his daughter what he has done for the other two.

Mrs. Winsl. Lord Tiegerly! What do you look for from him? Then you have not heard of his embarrassments? Oh! my poor uncle. You did not know he was ruined?

Lord Win. Hey? What?

Mrs. Winsl. You had not heard it? It has just come out that, for years past, he has been going behindhand, and now, owing to losses at play, and on the turf, extravagances in building, expensive living, contesting seats in Parliament for his sons, establishing his daughters, and heaven knows what—things have come to a head, and his estate will be in the hands of trustees before he is a week older.

Lord Win. Here, somebody! [*Enter a* SERVANT.] See if Mrs. Payksan is gone—stop her!

Servant. Mrs. Payksan drove over to Lord Tiegerly's in your lordship's own coach. She left about ten minutes ago. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Lord Win. A pretty coach she leaves me in. I shall be ruined—I am ruined! I am in trustees' hands!

[*Cheering heard without.*] [*Enter a* SERVANT *with a card which he hands* LORD WINTERLY.]

Lord Win. [*Reads.*] MR. PHILIP LANDAFF.

Omnes. Mr. Philip Landaff.

Lord Win. Where is the fellow?

Servant. In a hackney coach, at the inner gate, my lord, a crowd following.

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Mrs. Winsl. Uncle, you must have heard the report he was coming.

SCENE X.

Enter LANDAFF *speaking to the crowd without, and followed by a person bearing a box of papers.*

Land. [*To the crowd.*] Stand back, my good fellows! Being your landlord is no reason for smothering me; any other time, my friends! Not now—some other time—this afternoon! The rascals, I am not a public man yet, to be at everybody's service, and hailed and boarded in this way. Which is Lord Winterly? Ah! there is no mistaking your lordship.

Lord Win. Who are you, sir?

Land. I speak by the card, your lordship sees that. The rest these papers will tell.

Henry. I will look at them, uncle.

Lord Win. See where he comes from.

Land. 'Tis an ugly question, that; more shame to other people! I ought to have been fished up, long ago, from among the sharks and gudgeons you left me to swim with.

Mrs. Winsl. My lord, won't you see this gentleman within?

Land. I am on dry land now, among my native oaks. Gad! the sight is refreshing. Out of misery at a single jump. Zounds! but it is a change from where they found me. No civilized thing down there. Not a scrap of agriculture, commerce, or manufactures, that had not been shipwrecked first.

Lord Win. Why, 'tis a sea-monster come to plague us.

Land. Metaphorically—that is all. Joy, my lord,

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you know—I am descriptive to excess. If your lordship were disparked, and then reparked again, you would be metaphorical.

Lord Win. Young man——

Land. Young man! Young gentleman. Come, come! my lord, twenty thousand a year is patrician.

Lord Win. What is to be done with the fellow?

Land. Fellow, my lord! Lost heirs of prouder titles than your own have been rummaged for in fouler depths than I was found in. I stand upon my right, and am no fellow.

Henry. Here is a letter from your lordship's solicitors, Shark & Company [*hands it to* LORD WINTERLY]. And here, Julia, is Mrs. Payksan's finger. From one of these letters it seems she has been carrying on a correspondence of her own with Shark & Company as to this person's identity. What can that mean?

Mrs. Winsl. Won't your lordship see Mr. Landaff's papers within doors?

Land. Madam, I humbly thank you.

Lord Win. Young man——

Land. Again? Two to one on young gentleman [*bowing contemptuously*]! till, my lord, I am an old gentleman!

Henry. These papers appear to have been all, without exception, in the hands of your lordship's solicitors.

Mrs. Winsl. Shall I send for Miss Meadows?

Lord Win. Send for Mrs. Payksan! Young gentleman, walk in!

Land. My lord, I follow; I am but a shadow yet.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, perhaps not. Come, Henry!

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Henry. Emily portionless! What should my uncle want with a penniless consort? 'Tis the vase he covets, not the flower.

This cloudy morn, that rose so black and grim,
May fill my cup of fortune to the brim!

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

An apartment at LORD WINTERLY'S.

LANDAFF *at a table with wine.*

Land. [*Drinks.*] What a shuffle it is, when a man gets all trumps! My dawn was to wealth and luxury, and, damme! I always thought they might come back; but here, as poor Hexameter would say, here is a meridian splendour of unlooked-for brightness. Gilded apartments, good wine, lands, tenements, and a pedigree; a chest full of India bonds and exchequer bills: "the neighbours on tip-toe to be at me, the household "of Lord Winterly vieing to make fair weather with "me—Fair weather with a man, who three days ago "did not know his own name, and at a salary of "twelve pounds, filled the place of prose-writer to a "patent medicine! the poet had twenty—Why look "into darkness? here is sunshine!" [*Drinks.*] That to the memory of my respectable uncle; and may the lawyers never bring *him* back! It must be an affectionate family not to be disconcerted, if the head of the house came back, after they had gone into mourning, and taken possession of the estate. Ha, ha! my uncle must not do that. We will drink deep to his repose. [*Drinks twice.*] No more of this, pah! Thirst is plebeian. Anybody can drink. Your beggar's throat is capable as a duke's. [*Rings, and enter a* SERVANT.] Here, friend! take off this tempter.

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Carry away the serpent, and lock him up in the cellar. I inherit from a remote female ancestor a certain slowness to resist temptation—and, do you hear? take care of yourself! don't disturb that stopper. Wine? —yes! If truth lies in a well, so do health and long life. Wine is tribulation, you dog—cold water's logic and philosophy. Drink plenty of cold water, the beverage of your progenitors, till they took to going out to service, and studied vice and iniquity among their betters. Go—regale—swallow a demijohn in pint bumpers to the curate—Go! [*Exit* SERVANT *with wine.*] Let me see—here is this bewitching widow—all the country in love with her—widow, I believe, but I will inquire. What shall I? hum—Then, the cursed accounts of this miserly old peer, he is so sore about. Well! let him miscount a little—why should not one's man of business do that, when he is a lord and a fool, too?

SCENE II.

Enter QUEEN.

Queen. Please, sir, my mistress——

Land. Can't hear you, my dear.

Queen. Mrs. Winslove, sir, got your message——

Land. Can't hear.

Queen. But will not be able to receive your honour—

Land. Can't hear a word you say. Come close!

Queen. [*Approaches.*] My mistress, sir——

Land. That is a good distance. [*Kissing her.*]

Queen. [*Struggling.*] Let me go! I must not be treated so! Hardly a gentleman that comes to the house treats me so!

Land. What a serious family!

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Queen. I won't be kissed—you take great liberties.

Land. Poh, poh! I take nothing you've not plenty of. But here, my dear, here's the cure for the heart-ache. [*Offers a bank note.*] Come, come! take it.

Queen. Sha'n't.

Land. Swallow it down! 'Tis infallible. [*Holding it at arm's length.*]

Queen. [*Stretching her arm to receive it, and putting it in her bosom.*] These promises to pay—I can't help sometimes believing 'em.

Land. But, I say!

Queen. [*Curtsying.*] Sir!

Land. Don't keep it in there, my dear!

Queen. Oh! 'tis safe, sir, in there.

Land. Not when you are so handsome.

Queen. Thank you, sir!

Land. Sorry your mistress cannot see me. Here comes the Secretary. Good bye! Get along, my dear, and take care of your money, and your money will take care of you. [*Exit* QUEEN.

SCENE III.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. [*Aside.*] Coarse fellow! Hum—a coarse world. [*Bitterly.*] 'Tis toying with the maid that is in suits with it, not kneeling to the mistress. Why don't I conform? What were the lowly made for?—Was it ever seen that a fellow like me, steeped in poverty and insignificance, could bring honour and virtue in fashion?

Land. Ha! my friend setting out to seek a fortune among the flats and sharps of America. I appeal to you. You shall decide.

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Val. I am all attention.

Land. Your draft for money—that is the draft to take, hey? Money! What is life without it?

Val. 'Tis a debated point.

Land. By Jove, it has undergone eloquent debate here.

Val. I interrupted?

Land. No, no! For example, take away my twenty thousand a year, and make me the handsomest man in England—What of that? or the wittiest—what of that? Place? birth? rank?—Pshaw! There must be a cup to contain your joy, and that is gold. Well! sorry you are to leave us. Leave *us!* I am at home, you see, already. Twenty thousand a year is at home everywhere.

Val. 'Tis a venal world.

Land. Not a mother of an unmarried daughter in the forty-two counties, but would fain domesticate me! And you are off for America—I have been in America. Out there you'll see the sun do his duty—you'll see him shine. He gets up to his work of a morning, fresh and rosy, not sulking, as he comes to it in this damned foggy island, looking as melancholy as a worn-out shilling. The Yankee sun would be swapped away, if he did not shine.

Val. Fortune is a woman; I have to chase her round the globe. She runs after you to shower you with favours. You are a lucky man.

Land. Lucky man—How you talk! I am a deserving man, and Virtue is a prig to be ashamed of me. The anvil has as hard work as the hammer, has not it? Your poor devil who is beaten flat by all sorts of bad luck, don't he deserve the good luck that comes at last? There is my diploma.

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Val. You have taken a degree.

Land. Many an underhand fellow, with a contrite face and a college degree, has done less work, and more shabby things in his curriculum, than I. I tell you, Secretary, people live under mountains of concealment! Half the world, men and women, are transparent hypocrites—but who is to cast the first stone at hypocrisy?

Val. 'Tis the prevailing vice.

Land. And why? 'Tis the most profitable—wears the best, improves with age, like wine; consolidates itself, and becomes respectable. Twenty thousand a year ought to save a man a mint of hypocrisy. But I want to consult you—I am a little in love, in high life.

Val. When a man's head is turned his heart goes round with it.

Land. 'Faith, my planetary system to a hair. Your heavenly bodies move easily, and none can tell why. Unaccountable, these fancies, Mr. Secretary. The fall of a woman's voice, a lisp, a look, the chance touch of a soft hand, or glimpse of a well turned leg—and flash! your man's in love, when may be all the management in the world would not have brought him to it. Strange!—Do you know, they say a man's most devouring love is the love for an ugly woman!

Val. Ah! then, this lady—she is rather plain?

Land. By no means—Mrs. Winslove!

Val. Mrs. Winslove?!

Land. Now, I wanted to ask—for I must not run foul of the bills of mortality—Winslove is dead, isn't he?

Val. How, sir?

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Land. Zounds! the usual way—There is but one.

Val. Dead? Oh, yes! Of course.

Land. If the lady is a widow, I must not ask when she expects her husband.

Val. [*Aside.*] The brute! [*Aloud.*] Your idea is, that is it may be—or is it your idea?—to offer your hand, and the head of Landaff House, to Mrs. Winslove?

Land. Hum—I would not like to disappoint the lady, but I can't say that. I am no escaped Canary, to fly into the first open cage. We'll see about it—Can't see to-morrow till the curtain draws—but, I tell you that widow has a fancy for me.

Val. And you reciprocate?

Land. Mr. Secretary, I have a strong sense of gratitude.

Val. [*Aside.*] Enormous puppy!

Land. So I will encourage Mrs. Winslove. Reasonable encouragement—out of gratitude, you know—that is all. Then, too, I must have something on hand, or I shall be run down.

Val. [*Aside.*] He takes my breath away. [*Aloud.*] No doubt you will be in demand, but why not throw your handkerchief to some nice little girl?

Land. I have no turn for infanticide—Besides, Mr. Secretary, I never talk through interpreters—not I—like the American ambassador at some foreign court. No, no, I won't be interpreted! papa, mamma, and all the family translating me, and a man in twenty damned scrapes, when he means nothing. I don't play touch and take.

Val. [*Aside.*] I shall choke. [*Aloud.*] Ha, ha! your widow translates for herself.

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Land. There is no translating about it, my good fellow! She understands English—that is all—Gad! and how to lunge too. By the lord, you must have your eye about you, if you fence with a widow. I respect widows—don't you?—All's on the square. A woman that has had a husband or two is like a man who has sown his wild oats, the fantastical and frothy has been all blown away! I shall do very well with Mrs. Winslove—Don't you think so?

Val. I think you will be dealt with according to your deserts.

Land. I ask no more. But I must be off, to Lord Winterly. Combustible old booby! I must not keep him waiting. He is to present me to my little charge, Miss Meadows. She has the luck of queer tutors—has not she? Come, I will talk to you of Mrs. Winslove, as I go along.

Val. And if you do, it must be the language of decorum. I would have you know I am indebted for much kindness to this family. I cannot listen to language about any of them so indecorous as yours!

Land. You astonish me—How blind you are! I talk in the abstract. Don't you see I am an abstractionist? I talk of the genus widow, not of Mrs. Winslove.

Val. Let it be with respect, then.

Land. Respect! Why, man, I have the most unlimited respect for every member of the family.

Val. If you respect worth, take care you show it, sir.

Land. It shall be a lamp to my feet—yours too—we'll sally out together—you and I will—and hunt up an honest man; we'll find the man that old Phry-

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gian fable-monger could not find, when he took a light and looked for him, a few—how long was it?—a few thousand years ago! We will, my boy!

Val. Am I to listen to such pitiful stuff?

Land. Now, keep cool—do—Do you think you are in the hot latitudes when you are in 54° in Yorkshire? What an education! Why, when you get among the Yankee parallels, you won't know the hub of the universe from the horns of the moon—Your navigation will come to a baulk, like that first Yankee's, Christopher Columbus, who sailed for the East Indies, and never got further than the West Indies—But the man has lived on it ever since—Did not I tell you he was a Yankee?

Val. Trifler! What do you take me for?

Land. Now, don't be cross—I take you for a good fellow—Don't quarrel with me! Come along!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter MRS. WINSLOVE *and* EMILY.

Mrs. Winsl. My dear Emily, yes, I will speak to him, to be sure I will, my child, but so must you.

Emily. I must speak to Mr. Landaff, myself?

Mrs. Winsl. Nothing so easy! Explain the state of your feelings. Be plain—the simpler the better—Just as, with that pretty face, my dear, it would be, if you were dressing for a ball.

Emily. They tell me he is such a strange person.

Mrs. Winsl. No matter. Breaking your match depends on him; a word from Mr. Landaff, and Lord Winterly will be too glad to bow himself off.

Emily. Do you really think so?

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Mrs. Winsl. Many a match is repented before it takes place, as much as after;—but marriage—when you come to it, my dear—is rough discipline, and married people are like a jury, they are locked up to make them agree. You and my lord can't as yet be treated in that way, you know. You can separate by mutual consent.

Emily. Mine is a sad dilemma.

Mrs. Winsl. Not a bit of it—See, my child—the ante-nuptial dilemma is where the gentleman would be off, but not so the lady. Now, you would not have my uncle, were he a duke, with the rent roll of all England; and my uncle would not have you (if he could help it), without a rent roll, were you the prettiest thing in all England. There's mutuality—comfort yourself—you are in no dilemma.

Emily. Julia, I look to you.

Mrs. Winsl. My child, depend on me!

Emily. I will do my best; but see, I really tremble. I have been kept back so, I am good for nothing.

Mrs. Winsl. That is your mistake, my dear. The mistake is not in keeping young persons back, but bringing them forward. Oh, I can't abide your enterprising young women; and I am sure no sensible man can respect them.

Emily. Mr. Landaff may be a sensible man; but, indeed, I am ashamed to think what we are going to say to him, and I have such a tell-tale face.

Mrs. Winsl. Commend me to a tell-tale face! The tongue is a false creature—the face speaks the truth. And what are we going to say? Nothing but that you don't incline to a sweetheart old enough to be your grandfather.

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Emily. I shall blush to see Mr. Landaff.

Mrs. Winsl. Never mind. Blushing will do you no harm with the men; 'tis a confession of weakness in us which their pride converts into a compliment to their superiority. Remember, Emily, modesty is woman's dignity, as weakness is her strength.

Emily. I wish I could be braver.

Mrs. Winsl. You are brave enough, my pretty beggar! Now that your fortune has gone to Mr. Landaff, and the control of you, too, a single word from him dispels the mist.

Emily. Julia, you will stand by me.

Mrs. Winsl. My dear, could I desert a friend?

Emily. I know you could not; you are so true, and you have always been so kind to me, and, all your lovers together, could not love you more than I do.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, lovers are selfish people. When friendship is not hollow, which by the way, my dear, is seldom, 'tis better than love. I adore a generous young heart like yours, and I would shame to think I was unworthy the confidence you repose in me. Cheer up, and all will be well.

Emily. You are too good. I will try not to be abashed.

Mrs. Winsl. Pass, as quietly as you can, under the new yoke, and we will see whether Mr. Landaff won't clear you of the last splinter of the old one. Don't be troubled, my dear.

Emily. But you will negotiate with this creature! You have my full powers.

Mrs. Winsl. Rely on me—and on yourself! Here they are.

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SCENE V.

Enter LORD WINTERLY *and* LANDAFF.

Lord Win. Emily, this is Mr. Landaff, your near relative, who, when the lawyers' arrangements are made, will possess the control over your person conferred by your late uncle's will. His parental position challenges your esteem—[*aside*] mine too—I shall owe him ten thousand pounds!

Land. The parental kiss, my lord—'tis the kiss of condescension—is on the forehead, between the eyes, as near them as possible. [*Kisses* EMILY.]

Lord Win. Upon my word!

Land. Your lordship must have read much on osculation? There are many rules—the subject has been so much considered.

Mrs. Winsl. [*To* EMILY]. Don't be disturbed, my dear!

Land. Now, the kiss of respectful gallantry, is on the reverse of the lady's hand. [*Offers to take* MRS. WINSLOVE'S *hand.*] No? [*aside*] Hint to be private—right. But why did not they leave me her, instead of little Meadows? [*Aloud to* MRS. WINSLOVE.] I salute you, madam, reverentially; I bow from the inmost recesses of profound regard. I rejoice that a lady, whose charming qualities I am taught to respect, should assist at the introduction to my interesting and amiable charge.

Lord Win. And docile, Mr. Landaff.

Land. I see, timid, my lord, over-educated perhaps; learning is a heavy load for a woman.

Lord Win. Excess of diffidence, that is all; not a common fault with the sex.

Land. Oh! 'tis a good fault that. They go a little

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blind with it sometimes, and don't see blemishes—Take care of a woman's eye—a woman's eye is so quick on a blemish!

Mrs. Winsl. Diffidence, Mr. Landaff, is a weakness men of your merit do not condemn, I am sure. 'Tis sometimes put on, but, to my young friend here, 'tis as natural as the hue of the lily.

Land. Condemn, ma'am? I condemn nothing that's feminine; but does not my ward's weakness show more in the rose than the lily?

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. Mrs. Payksan, my lord, is below.

Mrs. Winsl. There she is again! Uncle, if she comes up, Emily and I leave you.

Lord Win. You must know her, Mr. Landaff, monstrous clever woman—a most interesting person, quite in your own way—you will like her—straightforward, and all that; wants only a fair division, men and women, share and share alike. Fie! Julia! Your prejudice is inveterate.

Land. Mine too, my lord. This kind of clever women remind me always of that clever dog Iago—"robs me of that which not enriches"—what is that he says about stealing what you can't use? Oh! I agree with Mrs. Winslove.

Lord Win. Mrs. Payksan will convince you injustice is a crime.

Land. Oh! I agree with Mrs. Payksan too—and she shall have my razors—as soon as she has a beard.

Mrs. Winsl. [*To* EMILY.] My dear, he is getting eloquent. Uncle, would not you receive Mrs. Payksan down stairs?

Lord Win. You are as fond of having your way,

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madam, as Mrs. Payksan can be. [*To the* SERVANT.] Say to Mrs. Payksan I will see her below. [*To* LANDAFF.] You won't follow?

[*Exeunt* LORD WINTERLY *and* SERVANT.

SCENE VI.

Mrs. Winsl. [*To* LANDAFF.] Don't go, pray! Do remain, and disappoint Mrs. Payksan, not us.

Land. [*Aside.*] Plump enough that—judicious too—very—[*Aloud.*] Oh! you are right enough about this old girl. Women must not mistake their gender—but your middle-aged hoyden is the very devil—I hate women in men's parts—and such parts—female Dick Turpins that call for your money and your trousers too—Shocking vulgar commodities! I would play high tariff, and lay a tax on such wares amounting to a prohibition—It could stand as part of the revenue system till they get into the Legislature and repeal it themselves.

Mrs. Winsl. Yes, yes! we have your idea—you are explicit.

Land. Give me a woman that is rather helpless—that 's if she is not a widow—'Tis a good sign—a good thing too. Cultivates a man. A man 's demolished when the women help themselves.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh! we have your views.

Land. I don't like a grabbing woman. I like now and then to give my place to a woman, but I don't like to be driven out of it, by some sour-faced jade that looks daggers at me till she gets it—That is Yankee cultivation.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, we understand perfectly, Mr. Landaff, perfectly; you are for the unprotected—the com-

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forter of distressed damsels—You take up their cause. [*Aside.*] Now, Emily!

Land. Gad! Well, not always.

Mrs. Winsl. I hope I am not wrong?

Land. Wrong, madam? I would take my oath you are never wrong—but what damsels?

Mrs. Winsl. [*Aside.*] Emily!

Emily. You see them, sir!

Land. What! [*To* EMILY.] Are you distressed too, my dear?

Emily. Oh, to a sensible man, Mr. Landaff, I can't be too plain about the state of my feelings—The simpler the better.

Land. [*Aside.*] The gypsy! That is her diffidence. Both of them, hey? [*Aloud.*] You could not come one at a time? [*Aside.*] Never knew the woman yet that could endure you to comfort another woman. [*Aloud to* EMILY.] You could not step aside? [*Aside.*] Awkward, this. [*Aloud.*] My dear, [*to* EMILY] you must, yes, you must go down stairs. Tell Payksan I will see her presently, at the *fête*, I will be sure not to disappoint her—unless, by Jove, some more damsels come—but, give her the message! Go, you keep Mrs. Winslove waiting.

Emily. Mrs. Winslove—Mr. Landaff?——

Land. Don't you see she has something to say?

Emily. But it is for me, Mr. Landaff, it is for me, she speaks. Let me stay!—Oh, I am in such trouble.

Mrs. Winsl. Do hear Emily! poor girl, I am sure you will feel for her.

Land. Not an atom—madam. But, on my soul, I flattered myself—No?——

Mrs. Winsl. What does this mean?

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Land. Nothing of your own? Possible?

Mrs. Winsl. Deuce take the man! Hear me, Mr. Landaff, Emily's troubles are mine, and I have no other. Let her assure you through me——

Land. [*Aside.*] Proxy for Meadows? Why 'tis a business operation. Commercial—by Jove! Bad—as little Daybook, who kept copies of his love letters, and despatched them in duplicate! Curse me, but I'll close the books. [*Aloud.*] Miss Meadows—I am conservative—thoroughly—the landed interest generally is—Here is a match ordered by my uncle years ago, the man is a Viscount and a dunce, large estate, little mind, life gone—wellnigh—What could be better?

Mrs. Winsl. Mr. Landaff, hear Emily!

Land. She must hear me.

Emily. Oh, dear Mr. Landaff!

Land. [*Aside.*] I must put a stop to this diffidence. [*Aloud.*] Miss Meadows, you take too much for granted, a damned deal too much. I am in the lawyer's hands yet—have not possession of my estate; then when I have, I must rest myself, and look about; I have not made my mind up—in short, I will not be run away with—by the Lord I won't!

Mrs. Winsl. Mr. Landaff!

Emily. Mr. Landaff!

Land. I wish it understood, I don't mean to marry for the present.

Mrs. Winsl. But, sir! Marry, sir?

Land. That is my resolution. No matter why. Perhaps I am engaged. Perhaps I have had a disappointment.

Mrs. Winsl. This is too much.

Land. Perhaps I am not a marrying man. Then

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how do you know I am not a married man? Zookers! if I had come down here without a trumpeter, the women would have had an inquest upon that matter first. No, I won't be hurried. My dear, [*to* MISS MEADOWS] you must not think of me.

Mrs. Winsl. Mr. Landaff, this is too ridiculous.

Emily. Shocking, my dear.

Land. Shocking? Ridiculous?

Mrs. Winsl. Mr. Landaff, Emily would have you interpose for her with Lord Winterly—that is all. There seems to be a little mistake.

Emily. Yes, sir—a little mistake.

Land. [*Aside.*] The jades. I see—I am bit! I always carried a sail too much.

Mrs. Winsl. Let me put you right, Mr. Landaff.

Land. I am right now!! Damnation!

Mrs. Winsl. Let me explain to you Emily's case, exactly. Let me present her petition, ha! ha!

Land. Anything in reason. [*Aside.*] That I should make such a botch! Nobody wants me—I am in a nice frame to be petitioned. I would rather be up to my neck in a horse pond—Devil take the women! So much for blackguard experience.

Mrs. Winsl. You know, Mr. Landaff, Lord Winterly regards Emily as affianced to him, notwithstanding—

Land. Yes, yes, I heard it all from the lawyers. They sent me down, stuffed like a mail bag, with the nonsense of the whole neighbourhood.

Mrs. Winsl. You are acquainted with——

Land. With the whole thing, from top to bottom. The young lady hated her guardian, and her guardian loved the young lady's estate—'Tis an old story.

Mrs. Winsl. Pray, then, sir, compassionate poor

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Emily's misery. So much is in your power. Her repugnance to the match is redoubled by the hope she entertains, and I entertain, that my uncle may change his mind under the disappointment of his expectation to possess himself, by marrying Emily, of the fortune, which has gone over to you. Let her beseech your influence, your now powerful and controlling influence——

Land. My influence to break a contract? Did not I say I was conservative? Conservative as the antediluvians, madam.

Mrs. Winsl. One moment.

Land. Ah! those were the lads I ought to have lived among! Wives submissive, life long and easy, land not cut to ribbons and measured out like small beer—It was worth while to be a man of landed estate.

Mrs. Winsl. You won't listen?

Land. Trade, except in flocks and herds, had not shown its vulgar face. With proper care of himself—if he would keep a plain cook and not dine out, your man of quality would last, comfortably, six to eight hundred years. This old earth of ours was young and nourishing, then, and her children long lived.

Mrs. Winsl. The fogeys!

Land. Fogeyism, madam, ruled the roast. When people lived as long as that there were enough sound heads to keep down the radicals, and prevent mischief.

Mrs. Winsl. Well, well—to return to Miss Meadows——

Land. Some young man of good connection, not more than two hundred years of age, would have formed an attachment to Miss Meadows—and there would have been a match—That is, I mean if there

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were no uncle, no obstacle—understand—if there were no obstacle. Violate a contract? Why, 'tis unconstitutional!

Mrs. Winsl. There is no contract, if you would but listen. Poor Emily has been worried into silence, that is all.

Land. Pray, Miss, who is your fancy?

Emily. Sir?

Land. Who is the gentleman?

Emily. The gentleman!

Land. The post-diluvian, you want to marry.

Mrs. Winsl. It is to rid Miss Meadows of a lover, your aid is asked, not to find her one.

Land. Oh, I know the game—Hearts are trumps. If I don't see hearts, how can I play for you?

Emily. Oh! indeed, Mr. Landaff, I want to play no game.

Land. You want to be married?

Mrs. Winsl. Emily wants not to be married.

Land. That is all? Now is that all? Come!

Mrs. Winsl. Mr. Landaff will do nothing, you see, Emily.

Land. Why should I interfere with Lord Winterly's arrangements?

Mrs. Winsl. Because they jar with his own avarice and drive Emily distracted. Why should men set the world by the ears?

Land. The world would be quiet enough if women were married according to the canons of my late uncle —*Bequeathed in marriage*—there's the rubrick—follow that and you'll have peace.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh! Tranquillity itself—Ennui, without a ripple—wedlock would be as lively as a family vault.

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Land. Wedlock is solemnized by the priest and made a jig by the women.

Mrs. Winsl. I vow, I will join Mrs. Payksan's cabal!

Emily. Say no more, dearest Julia, we can do without Mr. Landaff; I will die before I submit.

Mrs. Winsl. Never, never will I see you sacrificed!

Land. Sacrifice! Submission! How you fly out! I said *anything in reason.* Do you expect to catch your pigeon at the first pull of the trap string? Is that reason? What the devil! am I rotten ripe to come down at the first shake of the tree?

Mrs. Winsl. Well! thank Heaven, for making men naturally tyrants. With an ounce of moderation they would have it all their own way with us.

Emily. Hush, hush, Julia!

Mrs. Winsl. They wreck themselves on their ridiculous vanity. We err, my dear, through the weakness of our hearts; but with our masters, ha! ha! with them it is sheer want of sense.

Land. And there is Lord Winterly. How am I to shoe that old nag? Do you take me for Hector the tamer of horses? Do you suppose I carry in my pocket an ointment for obdurate uncles? and have only to rub it in a little to reduce this old beau to a ward in chancery, and make him as pliant as if he never had his own way in his life?

Mrs. Winsl. I would not turn the men out, and sit in their places in the two houses of parliament, as those Yankee women would, but I protest that in our own houses a woman's vote is oftener right than a man's.

Land. I said *anything in reason.* You will remember that. You are not at all reasonable. Rot me!

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the women never reason. They go by skips, like a flea. [*To* MRS. WINSLOVE.] Beauteous madam——

Mrs. Winsl. Pooh, pooh! You'll do nothing for us. You have said as much.

Land. A parley! I call a parley.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Young Mr. Payksan, madam.

Mrs. Winsl. Show Mr. Payksan in. [*Exit* SERVANT.

SCENE VII.

Enter YOUNG PAYKSAN.

Young Payk. Lord Winterly desires me to say the folks are all assembled, and only wait for Mr. Landaff.

Mrs. Winsl. Presently! [*Aside to* EMILY.] There are ways of bringing a man to his senses and making a fool of him at the same time. Do you keep the bear in play, a moment. [MRS. WINSLOVE *and* YOUNG PAYKSAN *go up the stage, and she seems to coquet with him.*]

Emily. I am so pleased you consented to meet the poor people. They are so anxious to greet you.

Land. [*Aside.*] That young dog is a favourite. [*Aloud.*] Very natural.

Emily. You have not seen the place where they dance?

Land. Not yet.

Emily. It is where the territories join of Lord Winterly and the Landaff manor. Close by. Your grounds approach the castle at that spot.

Land. [*Aside.*] What a cub! [*Aloud.*] Do they?

Emily. We joined the dance ourselves, Mrs. Winslove and I did, the last *fête* Lord Winterly gave the tenants.

Land. And whom did you dance with?

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Emily. I rather—If I remember right—Perhaps I did not dance.

Land. And Mrs. Winslove? who was her partner—Young Payksan?

Emily. I dare say he will dance with her to-day.

Land. I dare say.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My lord sends word the people are getting impatient. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Mrs. Winsl. Come, Emily, take Mr. Landaff's arm, Mr. Payksan has engaged me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Open space in a wood, country folks, men and women, assembled. MARGIN, QUEEN, *and other servants pushing back the crowd.*

Queen. This is the place for my lord and Mr. Landaff and the ladies. You have no business here.

Marg. Good people, be pleased to jam yourselves a little higher up!

Queen. Good people! Vulgarity 's my aversion. I hate the people, and I despise jams—unless they are raspberry jam.

Marg. [*Gets to the other side of the stage from* QUEEN.] Brazen face—iron petticoat! See how her petticoats tilt! Polarity 's too much for gravitation. See that!—Small tilts betray great secrets.

Queen. Driving a girl's hoops in her!

Marg. To be driven into by her own petticoats! A petticoat is not the thing it used to be. No longer the genuine article. A man might as well put his arm round a wire fence. So much broken glass on the top of a wall would be just as attractive—Iron pens, iron women—the world will be too rusty to live in.

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Queen. Indelicate monsters! their things clinging round their hips, like a wet woman's bathing dress.

Marg. What would her old mother have thought of getting her under-clothes at an iron monger's?

Queen. Such dressing!

Marg. Thinks she is drest, when the sides of her dress are the width of the island apart, because she is standing between!

Queen. I wonder what that fellow is talking to himself about? If I thought he was talking of me—I won't have any Latin talked about me. I'll set his teeth on edge.

Marg. Then their tails dragging along in the dirt!—but if you tread on them!! Lord!

Queen. Mr. Jackanapes—Oh, here comes my lord—and everybody!

SCENE IX.

Enter the other characters. The country people crowd around LANDAFF, *greeting and cheering him.*

Land. Thank you, thank you! vastly obliged. What it is to be the darling of both sexes! [*They keep cheering him.*]

Old Payk. They want you to say something.

Lord Win. Could not you spout a little?

Land. 'Gad, I have *spouted* a great deal, but it has been on another line.

Lord Win. It cannot be helped. You must try. They'll never be satisfied.

Old Payk. At 'em! Anything will do. Imagine yourself among the Yankees.

Land. Oh, if it is the worse the better, I think I will be prevailed on.

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Old Payk. Here are the hustings; mount this! [*Gives a chair.*]

Land. [*Standing on a chair.*] My valued friends!—hem—hem—Unused, as I am, to the stump—pardon the Yankeedoodleism—but you know our American cousins make their speeches to the stumps of trees, as the great Demosthenes did to the waves of the sea, and hence are called stump orators. [*Hear, hear.*] Unequal though I am to the occasion, I rise—that is I mean to rise—to the level of the occasion. [*Cheering.*] In this ocean of upturned faces, what do you think I see? [*Cries of What is it?*] I see the roast beef of Old England! [*Great cheering.*] Who can behold it without emotion? Ahem! The mother of the Gracchi—hem—you have heard of her—[*Cries of Yes, yes.*] What would have been the just pride of that ancient bosom, could she have pointed her Roman finger to a British yeomanry, and said, *Those are my jewels!* [*Cheers.*] If Cornelia were here to-day, she would confess her jewels were paste. [*A voice, No cornelians, at all!*] But, my friends, I have said enough. [*Cries of No, no, go on.*] [*Aside.*] That is not so easy. [*Aloud.*] I am a plain man, [*Hear*] but if I meant to flatter, I could point to—hem—[*aside*] What could I point to?

Young Payk. There is our bridge over Pony River!

Land. [*Aloud.*] I could point to the solid masonry of your piers, to the——

Old Payk. [*Aside.*] Take care! it is timber.

Land. [*Aside.*] Too late now—[*Aloud*] the soaring arches that span the mighty stream that waters, fertilizes, and adorns this garden of the Universe! [*Loud cheering.*] When in future ages, when Old England is

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New England [*cries of Oh!*]—when ten thousand years hence, men come to disinter and marvel over these architectural mastodons of a new antiquity—[*cries of Hurrah for antiquity*]—then I say—[*aside*] what the devil am I to say? [*Aloud.*] I say, OLD YORKSHIRE STANDS ERECT! [*Immense cheering.*] But, my friends, I fatigue you—I see the girls' eyes are dancing for the dance to begin——

Old Payk. [*Aside.*] Don't forget a compliment to the women!

Land. My friends, I will conclude these imperfect remarks with one observation, which is, there are not in any part of the world, the women who could hold a candle to the women of this neighbourhood. [*Cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.*] Thanking you, my friends, for the attention you have honoured me with, I will no longer—[*aside*] That will do, I hope—anyhow, there is no more—[*bows.*] [*They surround and congratulate him.*]

Lord Win. Exhaustive argument! [*Shakes* LANDAFF *by the hand.*] Capital! Mr. Landaff—never heard a better speech. Maiden speech, was not it? Capital!

Omnes. [*Shaking him by the hand.*] Capital!

Land. Pshaw, you jest, I will do better another time.

Old Payk. Your delivery so good!

Land. Poh!

Emily. Your manner so imposing!

Land. Nonsense!

Henry. Your winding up a little abrupt—though there are precedents for that.

Land. No, I did not die gracefully.

Mrs. Winsl. Your remarks about the women perfectly touching! Not a dry eye among them.

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Land. Now, madam!

Val. Rather deep water in that place about Cornelia and the Gracchi; but you came off on the roast beef.

Land. Ha! ha! Not on the bridge. Zounds! you did not tell me it was dendritick. Who would have thought of crossing the Pony on a plank?

Lord Win. Your fact about the Yankee orators—stump orators! I see—not very Greek, that republic—Low fellows—more stumps than ocean.

Young Payk. No ocean! How odd, mamma! Is that the reason they say, "Hail Columbia, happy land?" They have no sea to be happy.

Mrs. Payk. Probably, my dear. Pretty speech enough, Mr. Landaff, but no force—no moral power.

Land. What is that, ma'am?

Mrs. Payk. Your pagan friend said *action.* Mistaken system, sir. I will take you to hear Brother Lambskin. He lays it on.

Land. Ah! Lambskin! Quite an orator, I dare say that Lambskin. Classical, perhaps—or does he affect the bobtail?

Mrs. Payk. For *action, action, action,* you must read *abuse, abuse, abuse.* That is the System, that 's the moral power, Mr. Landaff—Castigation, sir—what 's the use of blowing soap-bubbles?

Land. Whom was I to chastise, ma'am?

Mrs. Payk. The wicked, Mr. Landaff.

Land. And who are they, Mrs. Payksan? 'Tis an open question.

Mrs. Payk. Those who differ with you, Mr. Landaff—they are sure to be the wicked.

Land. 'Gad, so they are. The other side—down with them—I like your principles, but damn your rhe-

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toric. What are we about?—we came to dance—let us leave dialectics and begin!

Omnes. The dance, the dance!

Land. Strike up, music! [*Dance, in which all join but* LORD WINTERLY *and* MRS. PAYKSAN.]

END OF ACT III

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Grounds adjoining Winterly Castle.

Enter, from without, MRS. WINSLOVE *and* YOUNG PAYKSAN.

Mrs. Winsl. "Dame Nature is a beldame. I am "tired of her. This dancing on the green is romantic, "to be sure, but give me a chalked floor! 'Tis more "responsive, and I would have the light of a chande- "lier instead of this 'garish sun.' I love the land- "scape, but I love lace and diamonds, too. There is "room for them all—In women's hearts I know there "is. Poor Valentine! He looked at me so reproach- "fully as I turned my precious partner. Oh, we are "a deceiving sex; and it frightens me to think how "many of us, when the age of pleasing is past, live "only for falsehood and backbiting." You will ex- cuse me, Mr. Payksan, I am rather tired. Poor fellow, he sticks like a burr. [*Going.*]

Young Payk. Not yet, not yet. I have a secret to tell you.

Mrs. Winsl. Pray, don't tell me your secret, I hate secrets.

Young Payk: Don't you remember, I told you so, when we were dancing, and now I am going to tell you what it is.

Mrs. Winsl. No, no, I can't keep a secret. Women never do.

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Young Payk. Only give me time!

Mrs. Winsl. There is a request, young gentleman—time! Don't you know, time is all we have?

Young Payk. I will tell you now.

Mrs. Winsl. But you must not tell me at all. I don't want to know.

Young Payk. Oh, I must. I cannot keep it any longer. I am dying to tell you. Don't go, I will be ready in a minute, I will soon be ready.

Mrs. Winsl. Be in no haste.

Young Payk. I feel so queer.

Mrs. Winsl. Some day when you don't feel queer.

Young Payk. But I cannot wait.

Mrs. Winsl. Tell your mamma, first.

Young Payk. My mamma!

Mrs. Winsl. May be I ought not to hear it. Confide it to your mamma. Consult her about it.

Young Payk. Mamma indeed! Why, you don't burn a bit.

Mrs. Winsl. Burn? If it is a conundrum, I am so dull at those sort of things, I shall never understand.

Young Payk. Now Mrs. Winslove! Oh! You did not guess—didn't you?—Mr. Valentine's, that everybody said was so good, and puzzled us all? *What is that which comes and goes but never—*

Mrs. Winsl. Well, well, that was once.

Young Payk. Oh, it is no conundrum at all. It is reality—and now I feel better.

Mrs. Winsl. Stay—Here is your mamma—and just in time.

Young Payk. Not a word, don't say a word about the secret!

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SCENE II.

Enter, from without, MRS. PAYKSAN.

Mrs. Winsl. Charming dance we had! You enjoyed yourself?

Mrs. Payk. I don't dance, madam. I attended Mr. Landaff's lecture.

Young Payk. Women's rights don't dance.

Mrs. Payk. And you, you ——. Don't you see you plague Mrs. Winslove to death?—mistaking a widow lady for Miss in her teens!

Mrs. Winsl. [*Aside.*] The old witch!

Mrs. Payk. There is a time for all things, the lady knows that. You heard the Rev. Mr. Thunderboy say that, when I took you to hear him. Much good it has done you!

Young Payk. None at all.

Mrs. Payk. Would you have Mrs. Winslove turn coquette at her time of life? Nothing so melancholy as *playing* young.

Mrs. Winsl. Gently, madam!

Mrs. Payk. Why, madam, he is an urchin. He is a raw recruit to a campaigner like your ladyship. Go, sir, and tell your father I want to see him. And, then, go home, and get yourself dressed for dinner. Lord Winterly invites you to the castle. You will be late. You are always late.

[*Exit* YOUNG PAYKSAN.

SCENE III.

Mrs. Payk. So madam, before we adjourn, I would have you know if I am not niece to a Viscount, nor

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widow of a man of fashion, I rule my own family—no outside influence—ma'am.

Mrs. Winsl. Sad thing, that outside influence!

Mrs. Payk. Yes, ma'am, but we 've got another influence now—SOCIAL AND MORAL INFLUENCE, ma'am—New System. We 'll see what that will do. What are your intentions, ma'am—your intentions by that young man? That 's the first question in order.

Mrs. Winsl. Would not the young gentleman's intentions be the *previous question?*

Mrs. Payk. I'll have no side issues, ma'am.

Mrs. Winsl. Poor me!

Mrs. Payk. I won't have my son wheedled.

Mrs. Winsl. Poor fellow!

Mrs. Payk. By any aristocrat among you.

Mrs. Winsl. Take great care of your son—So many eminent women are about—I am told a young man was carried off from the village, last week, and never heard of since. Sad affair!—Cost my uncle a guinea. Good morning, Mrs. Payksan! Good morning to you! [*Exit* MRS. WINSLOVE.

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Payk. Toss your head! That's right! Misleading minx! I do hate that woman. Everybody loves her. Pride indeed! I will break her down—the jilt! I will bring her to a left-handed marriage with the heir presumptive to an alderman. Here is her studious brother. He must be stirring too. These nephews and nieces they think their uncle's house will hold nobody but themselves. [*Exit* MRS. PAYKSAN.

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SCENE V.

Enter, from without, HENRY, VALENTINE, *and* MARGIN.

Henry. Now, Margin, tell me just as you did Mr. Valentine, word for word.

Margin. Yes, sir! Your honour will pardon my going to Mr. Valentine, but a friend is a friend, especially if he can steer: and his honour always kept me so dark about Miss Meadows, I did not think it would be delicate to bring up the subject—

Henry. What is all this?

Margin. Well, sir, I said to myself, if there is any gentleman I ought to go to for Mr. Henry, it is Mr. Valentine.

Henry. To your tale, sir, without preface.

Margin. Without a preface? Why, what your honour said once was this; said your honour, *there should always be a preface; a preface is the bow with which you enter a room.*

Henry. What is this flourish? Now!

Margin. In *mead*? Epic fashion, sir?—jump in the middle?

Henry. You fool—a simple narrative!

Margin. Simple? Lord, sir, twenty times I have heard your honour say that is the hardest of all.

Val. Margin, tell what you know; or shall I tell it for you? As you stood listening at Lord Winterly's door—what then?

Margin. Oh, no, sir—Oh my conscience, sir, must I leave out what made me listen?

Val. Shovel your conscience out of the way, and proceed.

Margin. Thank you, sir! His honour recollects

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about the time so many of his books disappeared; when Paley's Moral Philosophy was found at the pawnbroker's, and the Anatomy of Melancholy in one of the maid's beds, and his honour said to me, said he, Margin, if that woman——

Val. Strange, Henry, how you spoil this fellow! That he should give me so clear an account of what he will harangue you upon all day, and tell you nothing!

Margin. I am coming to it, sir.

Val. It seems the rascal has been eavesdropping at Lord Winterly's door, and overheard a conversation, just before the dance, between your uncle and Mrs. Payksan.

Margin. Eavesdropping! Oh, no—blankets and butter, sir! No, I did not do that. I indulge no domestic weakness. I don't affect doorways—I don't frequent keyholes—Why, what would Mr. Henry think, if he saw me putting my ear close to the library door, to listen, when he was talking to himself confidentially about Miss Meadows?

Val. Come, Margin, 'twas good footman's service—Go on and recount it.

Margin. Your honour is very considerate. I was at my lord's door, sir, as innocent as blotting-paper—I was, indeed—when I saw Mrs. Payksan sitting with his lordship—so close up to his lordship, sir—it was no business of mine, but my feelings were much hurt—it was so close, sir, to sit to an elderly gentleman.

Val. Spare your sensibilities! You have said it was too close. Now, tell Mr. Henry what was said about a match for Miss Meadows.

Margin. Well, sir, the servants have considered, for

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some time past, Mrs. Payksan was too effeminate with my lord; but, then, I don't attend my lord, and so long as she let my master alone, I——

Val. Vagabond!—What did Lord Winterly say to Mrs. Payksan about Miss Meadows? Will you come to that?

Margin. I have not got to that, sir.

Val. Then make for it, you scoundrel! [*Shakes him.*]

Margin. Would it not be better—?

Val. [*Shaking him.*] As if all the bells in the house were ringing!

Margin. Why, my lord said——

Val. What did he say? On with you!

Margin. Why, that now Mr. Landaff——

Val. Well!

Margin. Had the estate——

Val. Had the estate—! What then?

Margin. And Miss Emily had nothing—But let me——

Val. Keep your head to the wind, sir.

Margin. As she had nothing, Mr. Tom Payksan——

Val. Vastly well! *Should have*——

Margin. Should have Miss Emily, provided——

Val. Don't break!

Margin. Provided Mr. Landaff would consent.

Val. So—we have it at last. There—you may go.

Margin. But, let me tell you——

Val. That is enough! You can tell the rest to the maids.

Margin. You see, in the line of a servant's duty——

Val. Follow that line—march—leave us to ourselves.

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Margin. This is too ungrateful. They will shut me out of it. Your honours would not like to hear how Mrs. Payksan looked when——

Val. Avaunt!

Margin. Was ever a man of my information treated so?

Henry. Go, Margin, and put things to rights in the library.

Margin. Squeezed and thrown away!

[*Exit* MARGIN.

SCENE VI.

Val. You see, Henry—you see!

Henry. 'Tis even so—I am a made man.

Val. You are. You are relieved of all embarrassment; Lord Winterly can hardly expect you to help to make a match for young Payksan; Miss Meadows' feelings you know from your sister; she is prepared to receive your addresses.

Henry. And the negotiation with Lord Tiegerly is an outrage for which he shall account to me.

Val. The world is before you.

Henry. The world? 'Tis the world of bliss. I see you never were in love, Valentine.

Val. Ah!

Henry. A few hours since—how many is it?—I was the sorriest fellow in England. Give me your eye now, have not I the aspiring look—something soaring in my attitude?

Val. I think you have, if you don't change.

Henry. Change? I am the happiest of men. The messenger of Jove, with wings to his heels, had not a freer stride than I—I, Valentine—I, who this morning

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hid myself out of the way of you all, for very shame and misery, when you stopped at the door.

Val. You feel bold?

Henry. Confident as an Irishman.

Val. Margin tells me you had run completely down.

Henry. Julia used to tell me so.

Val. Don't slip back! Remember your courtship is yet to begin.

Henry. Slip back? I could lead a charge. Dearest, loveliest Emily! I am only afraid of shocking your too timid nature by the too great vigour of my assault. Does that sometimes happen, Valentine?

Val. Rarely.

Henry. But, you don't think there is any doubt?

Val. None in the world if you don't get a relapse. You must not have another attack.

Henry. Oh! I shall not have another. There are complaints you know you have but once.

Val. The women don't fancy a man all nerves and trepidation.

Henry. No, it is too like themselves.

Val. Exactly, and that enters into the philosophy of their hating one another so.

Henry. Alas! Yes—as with near and dear relations, it is kept smouldering. It would not be decent to let it break out. But the young and handsome of the sex—they don't hate?

Val. Not so much.

Henry. No, no, the young don't hate.

Val. And they often forgive.

Henry. My poor Emily, you have nobody to forgive, for you never hated anybody. Do you know, Valentine, in my notion, there are different ways of

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wooing? There was Paris, you know, was a headlong lover; then Commodore Trunnion was not—you remember he tacked. Extreme cases, you will say—but you have the idea; ways differ.

Val. With lovers as with admirals.

Henry. Very good! Admirals—and I shall carry my ships into action, like Nelson, splash! It is the true way, after all. Why, when the fight is thick, I have heard old Marlinspike say, it is absolutely refreshing. Why should not a man be refreshed making love?

Val. No reason at all.

Henry. I feel Homeric, Valentine. Why should not a bashful man feel Homeric? that is when the blood is up. Your fellow with no pluck at all is sometimes dangerous—that is when he is screwed up. But your man of honour, Valentine, your well-balanced man restrains his eagerness—that is when he has given his uncle his word, as I did. Now I am free. Why, if I gave my word to tend my uncle's sheep, I must do it. My dear friend, there is a multitude of considerations I'll explain to you—But some other time, we will talk them over some other day, when my head is quiet. I feel it full of the devil now—I have a turned-loose feeling, Valentine, I never in my life had before.

Val. By all means some other day. Here is Emily, and your sister's maid with her. I will get Queen out of the way, and then you will have a clear field.

Henry. Hey! Field! This is indeed an unexpected happiness. I did not think it would come so soon.

Val. You are really a lucky fellow. Nothing was ever so *àpropos*. In a few minutes, now, all will be settled, and you are happy for life.

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Henry. A few minutes? Is that the way? Have I but a few minutes? My dear Valentine, does anything occur to you? My case, you know, is so peculiar. Is it usual to kneel?

Val. You cannot go wrong. Here they are.

SCENE VII.

Enter EMILY *and* QUEEN.

Val. On your way from the dance, Miss Meadows? So were we.

Emily. Mr. Landaff staid to talk to that pretty cottager, with scarlet berries in her hair, and left me to find my way back with Queen. Mr. Landaff has such a hurricane of spirits—

Val. They blow away good manners. It is often so. Pardon me, but I was going—

Henry. [*Aside.*] Valentine, don't go!

Val. I was going to say to Queen, with Miss Meadows' permission, take that handkerchief to your mistress, immediately—It was dropped by Mrs. Winslove, as she was dancing [*aside*] with that Payksan animal. Well he did not pick it up!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* QUEEN.

SCENE VIII.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Valentine! he's off!

Emily. [*Aside.*] We are alone. I tremble!

Henry. [*Aside.*] This is too bad of Valentine, and what an unsuitable spot! a most exposed place, and, if it were close as a jungle, I could as well go and ask the tiger for a lock of his hair, as ask a woman to marry me. Why—Why was I brought up in a library?

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Emily. [*Aside.*] Heavens! What a moment!

Henry. [*Aside.*] What shall I do? I will write Emily a letter—it is more respectful—No, I will get Julia to write, it is less embarrassing. I feel relieved. But, dearest Emily, I must not leave her standing there!

Emily. [*Aside.*] Should not I say something? But, no, Julia thinks that unnecessary.

Henry. Oh, Miss Meadows! Excuse my negligence, in not interfering with Valentine's sending away your maid, who just went away—I mean my sister's maid—who was attending you—who went away—when Valentine went away. Pray permit me. [*Gives a garden chair.*]

Emily. [*Aside.*] He wants me seated! [*Aloud.*] I am so little—I mean so much attended on——

Henry. Miss Meadows' pause could not be a hesitation, in her own superfluity of attendants to resign to Mrs. Winslove the services of her maid. But let me—

Emily. [*Aside.*] He is going to propose!

Henry. [*Aside.*] What a stammerer I am! [*Aloud with volubility.*] Ha, ha! indeed, I remember once, when, as it happened, the same evening, our gay friend Mrs. Racket was to give a ball, and Mrs. Payksan to deliver one of her lectures—and being honoured with invitations to both these entertainments, the reward and punishment, as Bob Dapper called them, I sent, by one of the other servants, to my own servant, my two refusals, but Mr. Margin, handing them to the maid, as she passed round the room, with her brush and dust-pan—said in the demi-tone of a gentleman deep in his book, *see these go to the address*—the message, that went with them to the servants' hall,

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where, among those superfluities, one of them, who was a wag, on the back of the note for Mrs. Payksan, wrote the address of a place, not in this world, but the other—so my unfortunate epistle, only because at Castle Winterly there is, as Miss Meadows so justly observes, a superfluity of servants, thus superscribed, was carried to Mrs. Payksan. Ha, ha, ha!

Emily. Ha, ha, ha!—I never was more—ha, ha!—[*Aside.*] Oh! it is too trying! [*After efforts to control herself, laughs hysterically.*]

Henry. Madam, this is— [*Aside.*] 'Tis too plain, Julia was mistaken. Emily love me! She despises me. What woman could love me? I am broken-hearted. I will go to London this night, never to return. [*Aloud.*] Miss Meadows, I am—I am to bid you adieu. Farewell, madam—It is to me, madam, a—But it can be nothing to you—I am here to say farewell. I leave for London to-night, not to return.

Emily. Leave us? Oh, why?

Henry. To make a beginning of my apprenticeship.

Emily. Don't speak in riddles.

Henry. I have been too long a lounger in a library—an idler on the shore, when I ought to have been breasting the stream of life.

Emily. Why, Henry!

Henry. Honours are respectable, but so is labour. Should I succeed to my uncle's peerage, well—I ought to be fitted for so high a stewardship. Should I not, I have my fortune to make, and 'tis time I began—'tis time I studied men, not books, and taught myself to toil.

Emily. But, how strange! Why not pursue your plans here? Oh, don't leave us—remain with us—with Julia.

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Henry. Here I am despised—I deserve it—I bid farewell!

Emily. Henry, what *do* you mean? [*Weeps.*]

Henry. You laugh, you cry! You can't be well.

Emily. Far from it. [*Sobbing.*]

Henry. Good God! she is going to be quite ill. I must call assistance.

Emily. Don't, I pray.

Henry. Let me call Julia.

Emily. Don't call anybody—Ah, me!—

Henry. By heaven, Julia was right—she is always right, and I am always wrong. [*Approaching* EMILY *timidly.*] I am hasty [*stops*]—I must not be hasty. Here is Mrs. Payksan—I'll have time to reflect.

SCENE IX.

Enter MRS. PAYKSAN *and young* PAYKSAN.

Mrs. Payk. [*To young* PAYKSAN.] I told you so, you idle boy.

Young Payk. Don't care.

Mrs. Payk. Ah, sir! [*to* HENRY] waiting on Miss Meadows? Seeing her home—an attention to my lord. Dutiful, indeed.

Henry. I am much occupied, madam—you—I am much concerned—Don't you see Miss Meadows is not well?

Mrs. Payk. Unwell? Oh, so she is; poor dear child! [*Kisses her.*]

Henry. Don't—ah—she will poison her!

Young Payk. Mamma, have not you one of those little bottles you and sister Fitz Colick carry for the cramps?

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Mrs. Payk. No such thing, sir! Stand aside! Let me see, my dear, 'tis the horrid way they lace you—let me——

Emily. Give yourself no trouble! .I feel much better.

Mrs. Payk. Do, Mr. Henry—you are quite right—step for somebody. I will stay with Miss Meadows.

Young Payk. I will go for Mrs. Winslove.

Mrs. Payk. Stay where you are, sir.

Emily. I will go myself to Julia.

Mrs. Payk. That will do, my love.

Henry. [*To* EMILY.] I will conduct you to my sister's apartment.

Mrs. Payk. Thomas! your arm—your arm to Miss Meadows! _ I will take Mr. Henry's [*taking his arm*]. Miss Meadows, lean on Tom! Don't be afraid, my little pet!

Henry. [*Aside.*] What an ass I must look like!

[*Exeunt* EMILY *on young* PAYKSAN'S *arm*, MRS. PAYKSAN *on* HENRY'S.

SCENE X.

Enter from within [*looking after them*] MARGIN.

Margin. What does my master mean, languishing along with that old crocodile? Ah, my poor master, his nurse carried him on the wrong arm! He knows everything in the world but how to take care of himself. Book-learning, when you come to use it, always leaks. "Those Payksan females are as cunning as "cockroaches—If brass were a precious metal, what "valuable women they would be. They work any "machine but a sewing-machine—Give them their will

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"of us, and there would be no more rest for a man "than an organ-grinder's monkey." Here is Mr. Valentine. He always knows what he wants. Never bites at moonshine.

SCENE XI.

Enter from without VALENTINE.

Val. Have you seen your master?

Margin. I saw my master this moment, sir. I was looking at Mrs. Payksan having my master by the arm.

Val. The devil! What an old crimp she must have looked like!

Margin. Well, sir, what she meant to look like was a delicacy of the season, but she looked more like a pair of nippers. And there was young Mr. Payksan gallanting Miss Meadows, sir.

Val. What can be doing?

Margin. It is my opinion, something, sir—My master, begging pardon, sir, I thought he looked much like a fish in a basket.

Val. She is the axletree of the neighbourhood.

Margin. She is, sir. Your honor, some of these women, if it were not for having to suckle the children, and a few trifles of that nature, they would make us change places with them. Is it true that in some countries, sir, the moon is masculine and the sun feminine?

Val. Do you think you could find your master?

Margin. They seemed to be sailing for Mrs. Winslove's apartments—navigating, sir, under convoy of Mrs. Payksan. By this time they must have dropped anchor.

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Val. Or dropped your master, my figurative friend; left him lonely as a lighthouse.

Margin. Yes, sir! with the lamp out of order—or, like a homeward-bound lover, detained by contrary wind—or a loose sail, sir, flapping in the wind—or like the wind itself, sir, when it is pent up in——

Val. See your master, Margin, and tell him where he will find me.

Margin. Can't I come back, sir? If there should be a change of wind, I might be useful.

Val. We will send for you perhaps; you can ask whether any message has come from Lord Tiegerly's.

[*Exit* MARGIN.

SCENE XII.

Val. Tom Payksan and Miss Meadows on his arm. Well—let Henry settle with him for that—but then, Julia, for his partner! No, I cannot be jealous of such a thing as Tom Payksan. Valentine, Valentine, don't you know, when a man is in your condition, his head may sometimes be convinced, but his heart can never be satisfied?

SCENE XIII.

Enter HENRY.

Val. Ah! Margin found you. Well, Henry?

Henry. Well, Valentine!

Val. Now, the budget!

Henry. Budget!

Val. What happened?

Henry. Oh, nothing!

Val. What luck?

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Henry. Oh, my luck! You know what that is. Guess!

Val. Must I guess? Well, fortune favours the brave; you went into action like Nelson—My guess is the lady surrendered.

Henry. Valentine!

Val. What is it, my Homeric friend? Use your winged heels, and stride on!

Henry. My dear fellow, spare me!

Val. Zounds, then, tell your story!

Henry. Valentine, I am a very poor devil.

Val. Upon my honour, you have not the soaring look—But appearances are nothing. You asked Emily's hand, well?

Henry. No, Valentine, I did not do that.

Val. Did not do that? In heaven's name, what did you do? You did not propose to Miss Meadows?

Henry. Tell me, Valentine, do you deem it indispensable to what is called courtship that I should?—Ah, my friend, ought not I—? as a gentleman, ought not I to shun so broad a solicitation?

Val. What the devil, are you courting a queen? Is she to ask you?

Henry. Only see what is implied, Valentine!

Val. Implied?

Henry. Think of asking an angel—the refined object of my purest adoration—You understand me, Valentine?

Val. Ha, ha! What a pity I cannot tell this! It ought not to be lost.

Henry. What do you say, my friend?

Val. My good fellow, you puzzle me—upon my soul you do. I must refer you to our neighbours, the

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French; they are said to have exhausted the philosophy of love. You may find something in their works on the subject. But what were you doing with Mrs. Payksan on your arm?

Henry. Oh, that dragon! But let her go—I will tell you—here is my story. You must not look at me, though, so earnestly, Valentine! Not full front, turn a little round—there, so—What does Margin want?

SCENE XIV.

Enter MARGIN, *from within.*

Margin. Your honours, I found it out. Dick Martingale, Lord Tiegerly's own man, has just been here, on a bay mare seventeen hands high, so groomed I could see my face in any part of her but her mane and tail. He brought a note, covered with wax and stiff as pasteboard; all corners and folds, turned under so the devil himself, or the post-master general, could not tell what was inside.

Henry. He passes my uncle to address me. Well, produce it.

Margin. Your honour, there is the mischief. As I went by Mrs. Winslove's apartments, who should come out but Mrs. Payksan, all mad and dignified, like an undertaker's wife, fresh from a hornet's nest!

Val. Well!—

Margin. Yes, sir—then, sir, as I went along, keeping my eye on the note; had it in this kind of way, [*shows*] before my right eye, sir, the left so, in case of accident —it might have come a little open at this end, you know—Mrs. Payksan twitched it from my finger and

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thumb.—*I know what this is*, said she. *I will give it to my lord, myself!*

Henry. To my lord?

Margin. 'Twas for my lord, sir; it was not for your honour—that is all I know about it.

Val. That is not much.

Margin. How could I know any more when the woman took it from me before I—? But here comes Mrs. Payksan's last twig, Mr. Thomas. He was with his mother, he may know something.

Val. He is not a discoverer.

SCENE XV.

Enter YOUNG PAYKSAN, *from within.*

Val. Going home, Mr. Payksan?

Young Payk. Mamma ordered me home hours ago, but I know the time when the clock strikes, as well as any of them. They may set their watches by the woman in the moon, if they can find her.

Henry. I left you and Mrs. Payksan with Mrs. Winslove.

Young Payk. Mrs. Winslove said she wanted to talk with Miss Meadows; one chat, of a morning, with mamma, she said was enough. Now, mamma likes to do as she pleases; so, when she had to do as Mrs. Winslove pleased, she flounced off.

Val. And you too?

Young Payk. No. Mrs. Winslove courtesied me away, as if she was sorry to part with me.

Val. But you see things as they are.

Young Payk. Yes, I saw she and Miss Meadows were dying to be alone. Oh! I can see a good dis-

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tance, but mamma is a telescope. There is a lawyer's clerk, from London, [*to* VALENTINE] with letters for you, at the lodge, and the man is detained there because mamma says she knows they were not intended for delivery till after her London letters are received—Now that is seeing a great way. I will be back to dinner. [*Exit* YOUNG PAYKSAN.

SCENE XVI.

Val. A lawyer's clerk! What can be those letters? And detained by Mrs. Payksan! Something whispers—But, Henry, you will let Margin hasten to the lodge, won't you? to see the messenger is not tampered with before I get there.

Henry. Go, Margin! Fly! [*Exit* MARGIN.]

Val. You shall relate your story, when I come back, and my word for it, with Mrs. Winslove's gentle aid, you will be too much for Mrs. Payksan.

To spoil God's fairest work, give me your *plan,*
I'd have the woman think herself the man.

[*Exeunt severally.*

END OF ACT IV.

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ACT V.

SCENE I.

An apartment at LORD WINTERLY'S.

Enter SOLICITOR *and his* CLERK.

Sol. You delivered the letters?

Clerk. I did, Mr. Wright.

Sol. To the late Secretary of Lord Winterly?

Clerk. Yes, Mr. Wright.

Sol. He read them?

Clerk. Attentively.

Sol. You said I would wait on him, here?

Clerk. At seven, exactly.

Sol. 'Tis the hour, and this must be the gentleman.

Clerk. 'Tis he, sir.

Sol. [*Giving a paper.*] This by telegraph. You can withdraw. [*Exit* CLERK.

SCENE II.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. What is this to come to? If I know myself, I could turn the leaves, and read my destiny, with as little undue emotion as any man. But when, from every page, looks up at me the image of Julia, by heaven, the task is above the pitch of my philosophy. Ah, sir, you are here.

Sol. You see the senior partner of Wright, Wells & Wright, Solicitors, 13 Parchment Row, for more than

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thirty years professional advisers of the late Philip Landaff, Esquire.

Val. The Mr. Wright to whom I am indebted for the papers I have just read—devoured, rather?

Sol. Towards your identification as the nephew and heir of my late client, who died in the north of Wales, at the village of Penfaar, Friday, the 23d March, 1846.

Val. Pray, go on.

Sol. It is known to the firm, sir, that of your birth and parentage you are ignorant. That you were brought up by a dissenting clergyman, who rescued you, yet an infant, from a troop of wandering persons, and educated you with his own children——

Val. True—true.

Sol. It is probably not known to you that, stimulated by the large reward offered in Mr. Landaff's will for the recovery of his nephew, a firm of Shark & Co., Solicitors, but not honest men, have found means to possess themselves of important papers touching this strange case.

Val. Indeed!

Sol. One of the papers you have read makes it more than probable the claim is without foundation of the individual who arrived here this morning, attended by a clerk of Messrs. Shark & Co. Further, you perceive by the marginal note to paper A, the most essential documents have yet to be seen.

Val. It had not escaped me—that.

Sol. The place of the concealment of these papers became known to Shark & Co. by the recent death-bed confession of the woman Martha Williams, once a domestic of the late Mr. Landaff, and who had the

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care of his infant nephew during Mr. Landaff's frequent absences on the continent.

Val. Martha Williams! Martha Williams? But don't let me stop you.

Sol. She was tried at the assizes, and acquitted of the offence of spiriting away the child, but was always believed to have it in her power to make important disclosures touching the loss of the boy—a belief confirmed by her late confession.

Val. And the missing papers have passed into the hands of the solicitors of Lord Winterly——?

Sol. Employed by Mrs. Rachel Payksan.

Val. There can be little hope!

Sol. Grave apprehensions are entertained they have already despatched them to Mrs. Payksan—if, indeed, they are not at this time in her possession.

Val. Would it not be well instantly to apply to the nearest magistrate?

Sol. The contents of these papers are known only by conjecture—not a basis of judicial determination. If destroyed, as they would be on the first alarm, the individual already here claiming the estate, would be without a rival.

Val. Let me ask—has that person heard the name and confession of this woman, Williams?

Sol. He has not; but made aware, within the last half hour, by Mrs. Payksan, that his pretensions will be contested, this man who has been himself deceived, desires to see me, and is seriously alarmed.

Val. This is Mrs. Payksan approaching; we will pursue our conversation in my chamber hard by.

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SOLICITOR.

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SCENE III.

Enter LORD WINTERLY *and* MRS. PAYKSAN, *reading a letter.*

Lord Win. You have undone me!

Mrs. Payk. Dear me! Lord Tiegerly comes into the match!

Lord Win. To be sure he does! Is not he bankrupt? and was he not bankrupt when you made me ask for his daughter? *Comes into the match*, quoth he, as if it were a horse-race!

Mrs. Payk. It is unlucky.

Lord Win. You have ruined me. I must put down all the money for the new establishment, and the Tiegerlys are furious breeders, and perfect devils of expense and wastefulness besides—or, you know the consequence.

Mrs. Payk. My dear friend, what is the consequence?

Lord Win. Now his hounds and horses are gone to nurse, he will like nothing better than holding me responsible, as he calls it, for asking his daughter's hand, and then refusing it. Refuse, I will, though. Oh, I see it all! I see myself brought home on a window-shutter.

Mrs. Payk. Not a duel? Surely he would not do so by your lordship.

Lord Win. Do so by my lordship! Won't it look as if I had gone out of my way to insult this man of wrath? What is to be done?—what is to be done? Tell me that, Madam.

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Mrs. Payk. Well, my lord—hum—You could not have a fit of the gout?—that would not suit your lordship.

Lord Win. Pshaw!

Mrs. Payk. You could not have scruples of conscience?—That would not suit your lordship.

Lord Win. Humph!

Mrs. Payk. You could not practise a little?—That would not suit your lordship.

Lord Win. Oh, the devil!

Mrs. Payk. You could not marry Miss Tiegerly yourself? That would not suit your lordship.

Lord Win. What! Ruin me, and then marry me off, Mrs. Payksan! I will change the ministry—I will send for Mrs. Winslove.

Mrs. Payk. Your lordship! But I am so perplexed! What would you have me do?

Lord Win. How should I know, unless you take up Tiegerly's invitation yourself! *Invitation!* oh Lord!

Mrs. Payk. Indeed, but, your lordship, I cannot believe a man of Lord Tiegerly's age, a peer of Parliament, and father of a family, would countenance the horrid system of duelling. Let me repeat, to your lordship, what dear old Mr. Snuffleton said of that barbarous and horrid system, in his address to the young men on the New System. Said he——

Lord Win. Away with your elegant extracts! Hark ye, Mrs. Payksan, within the half hour I shall expect you to bring me——

Mrs. Payk. Your lordship, take care! Here is Mr. Landaff. I will follow to your lordship's room, and receive your orders. [*Exit* LORD WINTERLY.

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SCENE IV.

Mrs. Payk. His orders! and my hands full of business! Wright here, and Shark coming. A woman of my spirit to knock down to such a thin-blooded, shallow-brained scrap as it is! His orders! He will order his money—his ten thousand pounds—Let him order! Now, here is an idol of another sort. He don't value adoration, but his vanity is none the less accessible. If I could hold him up but a month, it would be time enough to make my son's match with Emily Meadows. Valentine and the nurse's papers will be soon out of the way, and then the path is clear.

SCENE V.

Mrs. Payk. Ah! Mr. Landaff.

Land. Where is this slouch of a lawyer? Not come—what's the use of lawyers that don't keep appointments? They are commonly punctual as an ox—It is in the breed, and be damned to them—an ox with a cross of the fox—What does this old petticoat want?—with a strong mind and weak understanding. [*Paces to and fro without noticing* MRS. PAYKSAN.]

Mrs. Payk. Mr. Landaff, don't be downcast.

Land. Downcast! Damme, I am never downcast; I have the blue blood in me.

Mrs. Payk. You are not to be circumvented.

Land. Nothing so fatiguing as your man or woman who is always manœuvring to get the wind of you.

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SCENE VI.

Enter OLD PAYKSAN, *and beckons aside* MRS. PAYKSAN.

Mrs. Payk. That puppet will never hear. He is occupied with himself. What are you afraid of?

Old Payk. I am afraid of you—a little more integrity——

Mrs. Payk. Brains, sir!—that is integrity. What have you to say?

Old Payk. There is not a word from your London friends.

Mrs. Payk. Then you came to tell me nothing—I knew it.

Old Payk. Whatever comes, your son will bring. You say he is safe.

Mrs. Payk. As a telegraph pole, and for a like reason—he don't understand the message he carries. If he did, he would blab it. He gets no quality from his mother.

Old Payk. He is fortunate.

Mrs. Payk. Mr. Payksan, I have something to say to Mr. Landaff.

Old Payk. Your schemes are dangerous.

Mrs. Payk. Leave me, sir!

Old Payk. I wash my hands of this business from the beginning.

Mrs. Payk. I cannot endure half-way men.

Old Payk. Half-way men, Mrs. Payksan, are certain meddlesome women, less than half honest. Upon my life, they have made a bad choice of halves; they have taken all the worst parts of us. [*Exit* OLD PAYKSAN.

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SCENE VII.

Mrs. Payk. Still waiting, Mr. Landaff? You don't count impatience among your vices—if you have any vices—ha, ha!

Land. Oh, a double handful of them. I am not so damned unexceptionable—but a man who has seen as much as I have, knows how to wait.

Mrs. Payk. A little anxious—that is all.

Land. [*Looks at his watch*] Minutes are hours.

Mrs. Payk. Mr. Landaff, be ruled by us.

Land. *Us*?

Mrs. Payk. We will see you through.

Land. *Us! We!* Oh, the emancipated sex!

Mrs. Payk. Yes, yes—we turn the wheel.

Land. On the new system—hey?

Mrs. Payk. You understood me, Mr. Landaff? This movement against you we will delay, weeks, months.

Land. And take a lease of me in the meantime—Bah!

Mrs. Payk. You shall keep possession, and your competitor be at bay——

Land. Two lords of the manor.

Mrs. Payk. Till the question is settled.

Land. A pair of us.

Mrs. Payk. Do you trifle with ruin!

Land. I am against the *system*—dead against you—the whole boodle of you. I am afraid of you. I have never forgotten a fright I had, at being chased by a man in woman's clothes. It is a shock to the nerves. If this dog of a lawyer won't come to me, I will be as obsequious as the son of Abdallah was—I'll go to him. [*Exit* LANDAFF.

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SCENE VIII.

Mrs. Payk. The fellow has knocked about the world till he is as hard as flint, and his mind made up about everything. [*Enter* SERVANT.] What can be done with him?

Servant. My lord desires to see Mrs. Payksan.

Mrs. Payk. Very well. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

[*Enter another* SERVANT.] *Servant.* Mr. Thomas Payksan is coming up to see Mrs. Payksan.

Mrs. Payk. Very well. [*Exit* SERVANT.

SCENE IX.

Enter YOUNG PAYKSAN.

Young Payk. I shan't mount guard any more for Old Shark, as if I was in love with him.

Mrs. Payk. No, my dear, Miss Longpole has gone after him.

Young Payk. Thank you [*going*].

Mrs. Payk. Where are you going, darling?

Young Payk. I have something to tell Mrs. Winslove.

Mrs. Payk. Stay! Let mamma tell her little chicken—It goes hard with its little heart to make love to Miss Meadows?

Young Payk. Its little organ of circulation won't play that march.

Mrs. Payk. If you will never talk of Mrs. Winslove again, we won't talk of Miss Meadows for two weeks, and perhaps I will not marry you to her. We'll see about it. I may change my mind. But, my love, your father's health is not strong, and if anything

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happens to your poor father, and I should marry again, you must be provided for before that; and you must be sensible, my love, there is no chance of it unless you get an heiress. Let Mrs. Winslove alone; she is a poor fashionable thing—well enough to chase butterflies. But don't you know, she would not think of you?—and if she did, Lord Winterly would be outrageous.

Young Payk. Can't I be outrageous too?

Mrs. Payk. You know we are self-made people.

Young Payk. Self-made porcelain.—There's plenty of it about.

[*Enter* SERVANT.] *Servant.* Lord Winterly wishes to see Mrs. Payksan immediately. [*Exit* SERVANT.]

Mrs. Payk. You insensible brat, come along with me!

Young Payk. Off, mamma!

[*Exit* YOUNG PAYKSAN.

SCENE X.

Mrs. Payk. Here is another love-sick gentleman; his sister has penetrated my design on Emily, and had her and Henry closeted with her—match-making, if she can! I'll throw this one off, and indemnify myself with a little civil vengeance, too, for his sister's insolence. All in the manner of good society.

Enter HENRY.

Mrs. Payk. A word with you, sir.

Henry. Excuse me.

Mrs. Payk. I am just going to his lordship. He sent for me, in haste, to consult me about—no matter what—but, before I go, you will let me tell you——

Henry. You must really excuse me.

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Mrs. Payk. A proof of my regard—I want to tell you in confidence——

Henry. Pardon me.

Mrs. Payk. As to Miss Meadows, you know——

Henry. Madam?

Mrs. Payk. In strict confidence—say nothing about it, even to Mrs. Winslove—but I'll try to prevail upon Tom to give up Miss Meadows.

Henry. What do you tell me?

Mrs. Payk. I would not have him interfere with you. Not that Miss Meadows is absolutely attached to my son—I don't say that—not a tenderness; no more than a tendency.

Henry. A tendency?

Mrs. Payk. You will consider, you know, the young people's feelings. It goes no further—mum is the word. We understand each other. His lordship will be impatient. [*Exit* MRS. PAYKSAN.

SCENE XI.

Henry. [*Calls.*] Margin! Successor to Young Payksan! Sure, I am the unluckiest man in the world, or, what is as bad, I think so! Could Julia have been so deceived? Would she have settled everything for us finally, if Emily's heart were, half of it, this poor scrub's? [*Calls.*]—Margin! Margin! Where is the fellow?

SCENE XII.

Enter MARGIN.

Henry. Tell Mrs. Winslove I desire to see her at once.

Margin. Yes, sir; but Lord, Lord, sir, I hope you

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don't mind what that old mongrel has been telling you. I could not help hearing where I stood. The door was a little ajar, sir. But, your honour, she lies like an oracle.

Henry. Curse the woman! I hope so.

Margin. By Jupiter Almonds!—excuse my swearing—but, your honour, what did they call him *Almonds* for?—I suppose a family name. Well, I know she does—Miss Meadows, indeed! Why, that young Mr. Payksan has been dodging after Mrs. Winslove like a relative pronoun.

Henry. Mrs. Winslove?

Margin. Yes, sir. The dunce is as much in love as your honour. He is the laughing-stock of the house. Why, he has no more sense than an adverb.

Henry. My sister?

Margin. Yes, sir, Mrs. Winslove. Here is Mr. Payksan, sir. Do talk to the young gentleman. He won't stand a cross-examination, I warrant you.

SCENE XIII.

Enter YOUNG PAYKSAN.

Henry. Hah! Mr. Payksan.

Margin. [*Aside.*] That is right, sir!

Henry. You seem to be looking for somebody.

Margin. [*Aside.*] Article first!

Young Payk. Only a lady's-maid, sir.

Henry. Indeed! The lover's dragoman.

Young Payk. Ha! ha! I am no Turk, sir.

Henry. He is saucy. I feel disposed to knock him down. Why, you——You have the look of a young gentleman in love!

Margin. [*Aside.*] Home-thrust, your honour!

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Young Payk. I hope I have not such a tender look.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Tender?—the very word. Not *tenderness*, but a *tendency!* [*Aloud.*]—Hark ye, young Mr. Payksan, whose servant do you look for?

Young Payk. But, you seem disturbed, sir!

Henry. Disturbed! Why not, if I choose to be disturbed?

Young Payk. Just as mamma said; he is going to be outrageous.

Henry. Truce to your hesitations, you fool!

Young Payk. I am a decent man, sir!

Henry. See, sir! have you ventured?—Your mother tells me you have been ridiculous enough to aspire to—that is bad enough—but is it worse? What I want to know is, if there has been any tendency to——

Margin. Mrs. Winslove, sir. [*Aside.*] In time for the tail of the tempest.

SCENE XIV.

Enter MRS. WINSLOVE.

Henry. I can make nothing of this little puppy. Hah, Julia! [HENRY *and Mrs.* WINSLOVE *go up the stage and talk eagerly.*]

Margin. Don't be alarmed, sir, it is all over.

Young Payk. I am glad Mrs. Winslove came.

Margin. Oh! she is a rainbow. When my master breaks out he is a little dangerous, at first. It comes of reading so much. You know it flies to the head—does with some people. I have felt it myself. Perhaps you have been affected in that way. No? Well, that is the cause of it, sir. I look to causes. Seldom you see much effect without one.

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Young Payk. Mrs. Winslove is so good and kind. Don't you think Queen looks like her?

Margin. Queen!!!

Young Payk. Well, sometimes?

Margin. Like Mrs. Winslove!

Young Payk. I think so.

Margin. She is the inversion, sir.

Young Payk. I should like, some day, to have your opinion of Queen.

Margin. She is perfectly vicious.

Young Payk. You astonish me.

Margin. Real dangerous animal! Why, she would take a piece out of your leg.

Young Payk. Oh! You mean that sort of thing—I thought you meant——

Margin. Yes, and—[*whispers young* PAYKSAN.]

Young Payk. Who would have thought?

Henry. [*Shaking hands with and embracing young* PAYKSAN.] Mr. Payksan, I was all wrong—I have a most absurd *tendency*—ha, ha! You will forgive me. Well! You will think no more of it—There is an end of it.

Young Payk. Yes, yes—Mrs. Winslove bears the white flag—I love to see it.

Mrs. Winsl. Thank you! Thank you!

Henry. My good fellow, step to the library! Margin, show Mr. Payksan to the library.

Young Payk. Don't give yourself the trouble, sir.

Henry. Mrs. Winslove and I will be there presently.

Young Payk. Can't I stay here, sir?

Henry. Margin, take Mr. Payksan with you—don't stick in the doorway, you rascal!

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Margin. [*Aside.*] When it is going to be interesting they always send me out of the room.

Henry. Take Mr. Payksan away!

Margin. Your honour, don't exile him to the library. He could not breathe up there. Russia leather would stifle him.

Henry. Change of climate will do him good. Go you! Go, Mr. Payksan [*pushing them off*]—make Margin stay with you. He will show whatever you would like to be shown in the library.

Margin. And that will be the way out.

Mrs. Winsl. Here is Emily, just as I told you.

[*Exeunt* YOUNG PAYKSAN *and* MARGIN.

SCENE XV.

Enter EMILY.

Henry.

"*Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily.*"

Oh! if I am rather flat when the day is against me, at least I am a passionate lover in the day of success. [*To* MRS. WINSLOVE.] What it is to have a friend!

Emily. To me, too, Julia has been a friend—the most soothing of friends.

Henry. Soothing! There it is—give me a soothing friend—a friend who never scolds, and always comforts you; and, parting with you after a morning's talk, is sure to leave you in good humour with yourself. Not that one's vanity must be flattered, Julia—I would not have that.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, no!

Henry. But what is a friend without sympathy?

Emily. One's terrible friends cut up friendship by the roots.

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Henry. The true heart cannot be severe—Can it, Julia?—any more in friendship than in love.

Emily. It is indulgent always; is not it, Julia? [*Kissing her.*]

Mrs. Winsl. My dear, you will make Henry jealous.

Henry. Dearest Julia! [*Kissing her.*]

Mrs. Winsl. Keep them, brother, to reconcile quarrels.

Emily. Shall we come to that?

Henry. Quarrels!

Emily. Never with you, Julia! } [*Together, and*
Henry. Not with you, sister! } *fondling her.*]

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, this is too much! You must not waste friendship, any more than love.

Henry. The fountain is inexhaustible.

Emily. We'll be your suitors—we cannot love you enough.

Mrs. Winsl. Well, my dear, of love any quantity you please—so of suitors, any number is not amiss, and for the most part not inconvenient; though they do hate one another bitterly. But this friendly union of two hearts to lavish their joint endearments on the same poor object—I won't say it is overwhelming, my dear, but it is unusual, that is all.

Emily. You will let us accustom you to it.

Henry. Won't you, Julia?

Mrs. Winsl. Indeed, I don't know. You are the oddest people. There you were, dying of friendship, for days, both of you.

Emily. Now, Julia!

Mrs. Winsl. Refusing to be loved.

Henry. I was an unreasonable lover.

Mrs. Winsl. A lover who made no love.

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Emily. What could I do? Henry never spoke—not even with his eyes.

Mrs. Winsl. My dear, if his eyes were dumb yours could speak.

Emily. Fie, Julia!

Mrs. Winsl. They were woman's eyes, and had a woman's heart to prompt them.

Henry. There is something in that, Emily.

Emily. That I was to speak first?

Henry. Well, not exactly.

Emily. But something like it!

Mrs. Winsl. You were too ridiculous, both of you—too provoking, too bad even for lovers. I can sympathize with the sensibilities of my own sex—but oh, Emily, your modest man!

Emily. Now, don't laugh at Henry.

Mrs. Winsl. If marriages are really made in heaven, in the book where they register them, your case will have a chapter to itself.

Emily. It is only the marriage they register, not the courtship.

Mrs. Winsl. Ah! then you are safe, my dear, for marriages are all alike.

Henry. Julia, I am a changed man.

Mrs. Winsl. No, Henry, you have one quality to change, and many, I hope, you will never part with. But, let us remember you are the promised husband of Mag Tiegerly; and Mrs. Payksan's schemes don't always fail.

Henry. A precious combination, that, between a bankrupt horse-jockey and a pestilent woman. You have, already, more than half defeated the female conspirator and if I don't put the other to speedy and

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disgraceful flight, I am unworthy of the name I bear; I deserve not the hand of Emily,

Emily. Now, Henry, be careful! Do nothing rash! Don't excite him, Julia.

Henry. Heavens! here is Mr. Wright—but I fear——I fear.

Emily. Yes, I fear to see him.

Mrs. Winsl. I shall see, and hear him, almost with indifference. The law may not give Valentine his estate—that turns on frauds and quibbles. But Valentine's honourable birth is as plain as his noble qualities.

SCENE XVI.

Enter SOLICITOR.

Henry. Mr. Wright, is it failure or success?

Emily. Do, resolve our doubts!

Mrs. Winsl. Mr. Wright has done his best.

Sol. I came here in the belief the secretary of Lord Winterly, the young gentleman known to you as Valentine, was the testamentary heir of my late client, Mr. Landaff, and to secure the only proofs which could establish his claim. My visit has been fruitless. A note by telegraph informs me that, soon after I left London, by Messrs. Shark & Co., in consideration of double the sum before offered them, my partners were put in possession of a parcel containing the papers first heard of through the confession of the nurse Williams.

Henry. And their purport!

Sol. The same despatch informs me a rapid examination of those papers places the identity of this young gentleman beyond peradventure, and furnishes

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a perfect clue to the proofs by which it may be established.

Emily. How fortunate!

Henry. All, then, is safe.

Sol. A Miss Longpole, acting, it seems, for Mrs. Rachel Payksan, has been to the telegraph office, and, by a fee to the operator, possessed herself of my despatch. It matters not—the papers are in my fireproof. You will pardon me, I have but ten minutes to make the London train. [*Exit* SOLICITOR.]

Emily. The dear man!—he is gone before we could thank him.

Mrs. Winsl. Here comes Philip Landaff—Valentine no more—bearing in his face a whole gazette of news—ha, ha!—which we have had already.

SCENE XVII.

Enter VALENTINE.

[*They surround and congratulate him.*]

Henry. Mr. Wright has this moment left us; let me, my dear friend, embrace and rejoice with you over this sudden and glorious change of fortune.

Mrs. Winsl. For some hours not unexpected.

Val. Sudden enough, though, to make one's head whirl, and one's heart beat thick, Julia. I am just from an interview with my predecessor, the dethroned monarch, as he calls himself. He behaves better than some of them—upon my soul he does. But I want to tell you, Henry——

Henry. No bad news?—no alloy, I hope.

Val. You shall judge. You are rejected by Mag

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Tiegerly. She is to marry, the week after next, a middle-aged banker, overgrown with guineas, now her accepted lover.

Emily. What a relief!

Henry. Then I get Emily without fighting.

Mrs. Winsl. Or courting.

Henry. Thanks to you, sister, again!

Val. It seems Lord Tiegerly's prompt answer to the Winterly offer was made in the absence of the ladies, who were passing some days with Sir Harry and Lady Horseflesh; and there Miss Tiegerly met and captivated this moneyed gentleman, after a short courtship, conducted by the young lady with equal skill and boldness.

Henry. Think of that, Emily.

Val. Lord Tiegerly has just been over here, to back himself out, as he calls it, and the Winterly convention was cancelled as if by a cannon-shot.

Emily. And now, Henry, Lord Tiegerly has given you no offence—I do hope there will be no quarrelling.

Val. Oh, I think there need be none—but there is no answering for lovers!

Emily. Henry, you will let me answer for you?

Val. Love, my dear Miss Meadows, has a thousand humours. One of the cases I have seen took the form—hem!——Henry—of sheer inaction. So [*to* MRS. WINSLOVE] instinct with glorious hope, it sometimes struggles against what appear to be the decrees of fate itself! But here is one of the high contracting parties, and the back-stairs influence with him. I must leave you. Do make way.

[*Exit* VALENTINE.

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SCENE XVIII.

Mrs. Winsl. By all means, room for their diplomacy. Ours, my dear Henry, has done its office; and now that you are raised by it to the heights of love and happiness, you may, like all the lifted-up, kick down the ladder that no longer serves you. Come.

[*Exeunt* HENRY, MRS. WINSLOVE, *and* EMILY.

SCENE XIX.

Enter LORD WINTERLY *and* MRS. PAYKSAN.

Lord Win. Am I satisfied? No.

Mrs. Payk. Men seldom are.

Lord Win. But I mean to be.

Mrs. Payk. Then be reasonable! The Tiegerly difficulty—that is out of the way?

Lord Win. We will say no more of that. But your audacious plot to marry your son to a lady of rank and fashion, and, till the marriage could be brought about, impose this poor man, as the Landaff heir, on me and on himself too—why, 'tis monstrous!

Mrs. Payk. Where is the mischief? Valentine gets the estate—you don't want the girl without it. You told me, this day, my son might court her.

Lord Win. The girl!—the girl! The young lady, perhaps? No, but I want the ten thousand pounds taken out of the Landaff trust, and now to be accounted for to the heir. It is time I knew something of it.

Mrs. Payk. About the Landaff money?

Lord Win. About the ten thousand pounds.

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Mrs. Payk. Replace them.

Lord Win. Replace them?

Mrs. Payk. Surely, if you have dilapidated the trust.

Lord Win. I replace them? Here is my steward's account, showing the sum, with interest, ten thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight pounds, six shillings and ten pence half-penny—am I to pay it?

Mrs. Payk. Does your steward say I am to pay it?

Lord Win. But, Mrs. Payksan!

Mrs. Payk. My lord!

Lord Win. Who had this money? True, I did not take your husband's obligation—he never heard of the loan.

Mrs. Payk. And by your laws, my lord, his wife had no right to incur the debt—what an unjust system—ha, ha! That your ancestors, my lord, all the way back to the Conquest, should have been imposing so on my poor sex—on half England—the better half, and not owe a dear friend ten thousand pounds!

Lord Win. People shall know you, madam!

Mrs. Payk. Take care they don't know you, my lord.

Lord Win. I will set in its true light your deceit, you false woman!

Mrs. Payk. I will set all the tongues going, for ten miles round, you depraved old man!

Lord Win. Let it be the other side of my territory, madam! Leave this house!

Mrs. Payk. Here is a gentleman, with the freedom of the house, who has taken more than ten thousand pounds from you.

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SCENE XX.

Enter LANDAFF *and* VALENTINE.

Mrs. Payk. Your nephew takes the wife, and this man the estate—Patience, my lord, I recommend you a little *patience.*

Lord Win. Will you leave me?

Mrs. Payk. Mr. Smith—I am told that is your name—you are returning to want and misery. I recommend you a little *morality!*

Land. Thank you!—the advice is well enough. I sometimes get off the track—who don't? Some people, Mrs. Payksan, whose morality is always on the track, find room there for the falsehood, shabbiness, and malice, which are of *their* morality the unfailing companions.

Mrs. Payk. Mr. Ex-Secretary, should you persist, now you are rich and great, in your suit to a certain lady you sought when you were poor and humble, I recommend you a little *jealousy!*

Val. And I recommend you, Mrs. Payksan, a system—a system of prudence, if not flight; there are people, not far off, who are preparing legal proceedings against you of the most serious nature. [*Exit* MRS. PAYKSAN.

SCENE XXI.

Land. My lord of the manor, you take from me everything else, let me take my leave of you. There is my hand, I wish you joy of your inheritance. You will not find in it more enjoyment than I should, if you had only left me the possession.

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Val. What ought I?—something I must do for him.

Land. But I make no wry faces. I go with spirits, not as high, but as unbroken as I brought 'em here.

Val. Where do you go?

Land. Back to London—wits and vagabonds seek a metropolis.

Lord Win. How, Mr. Smith?

Land. How do I travel? 'Gad, the only way that is left me; not in my coach. I go to London as a man may go there, and come away a lord—afoot!

Val. Must I see him in beggary? Bounty to one's friends is but another form of selfishness. The truly generous heart is closed to none. Sir, your horizon shall brighten.

Land. Oh, I can fight my way, and, may be, find what loins I spring from too. The battle of life is not without attractions, even for those who gain no victories. Hope, Mr. Secretary—health, hope, and good spirits are a plank a man can always float on.

Val. While they last—which is while youth lasts, not longer. But something shall be done for you—I owe it to you. There are men, my good friend, who, indelibly and ineffaceably mean, were they elevated to a throne, would carry their miseries and pettinesses along with them. Others there are who rise with circumstances, and meet the level of their fortune. The place I had procured for my own advancement, in America, shall be transferred to you—it will afford you at once a competency, and with energy and ambition you will make it the stepping-stone to ultimate and permanent respectability.

Land. Pardon, sir!—pardon a little natural emo-

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tion! The world is a place where genuine kindness don't hang on every bush.

Val. Come, come, you will thrive in America. 'Tis a latitude of a little humbug, that's true; but liberty is a purifier—So long as men are free they are noble anywhere; "though when the Yankee air gets contaminated and the day for crouching comes, I dare "say they will be submissive enough." Here are Lord Winterly's nephew and the ladies. Let me have a word with you apart. [LANDAFF *and* VALENTINE *go aside and converse.*]

SCENE XXII.

Enter HENRY, MRS. WINSLOVE, *and* EMILY.

Henry. Uncle, since Mrs. Payksan had your lordship's leave that her son address Miss Meadows, I have thought it not presumptuous myself to ask her hand.

Mrs. Winsl. When did you do that, Henry?

Henry. And we are here, uncle, to seek your consent and blessing.

Mrs. Winsl. That, indeed!

Lord Win. I have no more idea, nephew, of marrying. I shall rejoice to see you happily settled. If you and Emily can content yourselves with a moderate allowance, I am ready to wish you joy, and do something for you, till—till you come into it all.

Henry. Don't let your tenderness afflict itself, uncle—that is a distant day—and our only extravagance is love, which is already supplied.

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Lord Win. Your wife and your books—you will want little more.

Henry. A great deal more.

Lord Win. What do you mean? Impossible. I have sustained a heavy loss—I have more than ten thousand pounds to make up, perhaps this week.

Henry. Uncle, I have to make up more than that, and must begin to-day. I have lost years of the substance of my youth, and must pursue time—and what, my lord, are the wings of your money to the wings of time?

Lord Win. Oh, is that all?

Henry. I have been a dreamer, a loiterer among books, when I owed it to my birth and position—to my gifts, if any I have—to the counsels of Julia—to my own happiness, to stir myself to active life. This is a debt, my lord, which has hitherto been neglected, and which I mean shall be honourably paid.

Mrs. Winsl. Gallantly resolved! I always told Henry the stuff that made Plutarch's men was not to be got at the bookseller's.

Henry. And since books tell me that even base men may be inspired with virtue when they love, I look to my passion—nay, to Emily herself—to lend her gentle hand to aid my efforts to amend.

Mrs. Winsl. My dear Emily, you will prove a most notable manager—you have brought about already, what, for years, I laboured at in vain.

Emily. But, dearest Henry, you will not be engrossed in affairs, will you?

Val. And, I, my lord, I too, despite Mrs. Payksan's warning voice, am a petitioner at the door of your lordship's bounty.

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Lord Win. What, with your great estate?

Val. Oh, not your purse—the bounty of your heart only—your heart, my lord. Can your lordship—love has been, at all times, a most notorious despiser of rank—can your lordship forgive my having raised my lowly eyes to your lordship's niece?

Lord Win. You never told me that, Julia. But he is now a match for any woman.

Emily. Was Julia to tell you of all her lovers? Only think, your lordship.

Val. To her I could breathe thoughts which, till to-day, I could not venture to utter to your lordship. [*To Julia.*] Have I leave to speak?

Mrs. Winsl. Would you speak *for* me, when you have scarce spoken *to* me? That is Henry's way, by special license.

Lord Win. Julia, you are a born coquette—there's your picture.

Mrs. Winsl. But not, uncle, from the Payksan gallery.

Land. My lord, think you the answer's final.

Emily. Coquette! Your lordship is unjust.

Henry. Uncle, you should not say so.

Lord Win. I have heard it too often.

Val. From that ruler of men, and reformer of both sexes, Mrs. Payksan.

Mrs. Winsl. Oh, and from others. Don't push your defence too far! I am a daughter of Eve, and not a reformer.

Val. And should you turn reformer——

Mrs. Winsl. Take care! One of these days I may. [*Giving her hand to* VALENTINE.]

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Val. Enchanting Julia!—it will not be to set the world to rights, but to add to your own graces, and to the happiness of all around you, by——

Mrs. Winsl. A moment!

To have her faults is still frail woman's lot,
Men have their faults, and we have ours—why not?
To flirt, coquet, sometimes to break a heart,
Pooh—after all, 'tis playing woman's part,
But, to turn schoolmaster, and scourge and scold—
I'll think of that when I am getting old.
Change how you will your system or your school,
'Tis by soft arts alone that WOMEN RULE.

THE END.

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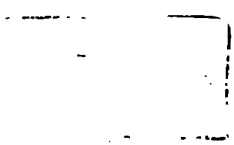

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